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LETTING YOUR HAIR DOWN!

By JEANNE MULLINS

Women are funny about their hair. Even if they have the loveliest natural waves, they are never satisfied with it.

And I have never yet complimented a girl on her hair without her touching it dubiously and saying, "Oh, I think it's getting a bit long," or "It really wants a wash!"

I WEAR my hair as the mood takes me. That is, I curl it up till I get sick of it, then let it go au naturel.

Then I decide to go all boyish and have it curly-cut. Then I see Veronica Lake and let it grow long and lanky, and it gets hot, so I wear it in a bun.

Then I decide I'm not a Madama type after all, and I have it cut again, and so on throughout the vicious circle.

But I am really irrepressible about it. I go through life like Alice in



Wonderland, hopefully expecting something wonderful to just happen to it, and promising my friends and relations it will be All Right when I've had it washed or a bit cut off, or when it grows down, or when it's set.

I do hope, though, that my hair doesn't wear that terribly resigned expression such a lot of hair does—as if it had been tortured for years and completely surrendered.

Lately I've been wearing mine very flowing because I've lost my curlers, and I was justly annoyed when I went to have it set and the revolt-

ing woman said, "Oh, you want it like the American girls wear it?"

I said icily, "Oh, do they?" as if I had never set eyes on an American girl, and didn't want to.

Have you ever noticed how, without warning, every now and then a strange season springs up and everyone dashes off and has her hair cut?

It might happen over afternoon-tea. Someone says "I think I'll have a bit off my hair. Bill likes it short."

(Women are always using their husbands as excuses for the things they do to their hair.)

That night you go home and look at yourself and suddenly see your hair as miles too long—and before you know where you are you're having it cut.

I always go to a place some friend has recommended as perfectly marvellous, and after sitting on a pink lounge for years I am led into a cubicle and a smooth young man



is whisking off my hat and whirling a sheet thing under my chin.

He takes no notice of me whatsoever, but I see myself in the mirror and secretly think I look rather sweet with that white thing all round

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me and my hair combed down. Sort of angelic and defenceless.

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He doesn't say a thing, but pokes the comb in with a flourish and, holding it there, nods and smiles to me in the mirror.

I smile back, thinking he's rather a lamb, but soon realise, with horror, that he wants to know where I want it cut to, so I pretend I was biting my lip and say rather coldly, "Yes, that's about right."

He combs again madly, and then suddenly becomes human. "You wouldn't like it done in layers, Madam?"

I say—doubtfully, because I hate dashing him—"No, I've had it done like that before, and it didn't go very well."

He wags his head in a fatherly fashion and suggests he will just shape it up round the front. I agree, comforted, and mention the horrid, short piece I can do nothing with.

He makes soothing noises and I shut my eyes for a second. When I



open them he has whipped off all my hair to the level of the short piece!

Then he remarks sadly that my hair is splitting and would I like it singed. Resigned, I consent, but have an agonising five minutes, expecting to go up in smoke any second, while the S.Y.M. flourishes a taper and talks to a pal over his shoulder.

To bring back his attention I murmur about my hair being much thinner than it used to be.

It's a funny thing, but I always feel moved to apologise to hair-

First Aid for Head Colds

For that annoying, light headachy head cold use Evagreen Eucalyptus this way. Put a few drops at the entrance to the nostrils and on the bridge of the nose. Gives quick, grateful relief. It is a soothing, pleasant operation prescribed by many doctors over thirty years. Get to-day. Use it and sleep well to-night. 9d. and 1/2 bottle at all chemists and stores.

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COBURG, N.S.W., VICTORIA.

2V.30

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SANDRA let the cable fall slowly to her lap. She realised, from the way the paper shivered against her skirt, that her hand was trembling, and deliberately she tried to steady it.

The cable was from her husband. "Coming home, arriving shortly, my love dearest, Toby."

For so long she had dreamed of receiving just such a cable, then she had ceased to dream, and had found herself putting the thought of it resolutely away from her. And now, ironically, it was here.

But, of course, it should not have been so unexpected. Quite a number of men who had been out in the Middle East for three years were being sent home on leave. Kay Walsh's husband had come, and a nephew of Susan Slater's, and there had been others. Sandra had forgotten how time was passing—or was it that she did not want to remember?

She got up and crossed the floor of her little sitting-room to the window. Dusk was falling and people were hurrying home to escape the black-out. Far down below her she could see them scurrying along, shadowy and unsubstantial, like ghost figures in a strange and darkened London.

In a little while she must bath and change and be ready for Cedric when he called. At the thought she drew a deep breath. If she were to be ready, she must think, must think coolly and sensibly, stilling the clamor of her nerves, the swift thrust of her emotions.

She pulled the blackout curtains, seeing, with a steady carefulness, that they fitted perfectly, before she drew over them the blue brocade curtains that contrasted so effectively with her white walls. She switched on a single lamp that stood on a low cream table, and drew her chair up to the gas fire. The room was quiet and warm and secret about her.

The cable had fallen to the floor. She picked it up and began to crease it into its folds, concentrating, as if it mattered a great deal that the creases should go exactly so.

She thought of Toby, and glanced up at his picture on the mantelpiece. He looked very handsome in his khaki. She had been so proud of him, and so heartbroken when he left.

They had been married six months then. Six months in the little cottage in the Chilterns, with Toby going off every day to the nearby market town where he practised as a lawyer, with Sandra playing at housewifery but really having nothing more to do than look pretty for Toby, because the admirable Mrs. Hawkins ran the cottage and was fiercely jealous of her rights in it.

Sandra and Toby were young and deeply in love and terribly happy. That was how Sandra used to describe it. "Terribly happy, darling," she would say, in answer to Toby's teasing, insistent questioning. They were not rich, but what did that matter—they had all the time in the world ahead of them for Toby to make his name and fortune.

But they hadn't all the time in the world. The war soon claimed Toby. All in a moment, it seemed, he ceased to belong to Sandra and instead belonged to his country. She had no claim on him any longer. It was as if a sword had been brought down by an omnipotent hand, cutting off sharply and irrevocably the days that were from the days that had been.

All those easy, happy days of leisure and those long evenings by their own fireside were over and done with.

Toby was sent abroad almost at once, and Sandra left the cottage. She couldn't bear being there alone, it held too many memories. She let it to some people who were anxious to get out of town, said farewell to an indignant Mrs. Hawkins, and set her face toward London and a job of her own.

She had achieved the job in one of the Whitehall ministries. It was surprising, really, how far she had come, all on her own, for she never had any particular training. But she was quick and sensible, and although she had started as a clerk she was now assistant to one of the heads of her department. She had a tiny flat of her own, a host of new friends, new interests and activities in which Toby had no share at all. And she had Cedric.

At thought of him she looked up at the clock. It was time she was getting ready. He'd be here quite soon.

With a recklessness that she did

FLAPJACKS FOR TEA

By

SHIRLEY DARBYSHIRE



year or two, and much sought after. It was difficult to keep both feet on the ground in such circumstances, and Sandra was floating upon air very quickly.

She heard the lift door clang and Cedric calling: "Sandra, where are you? Are you ready?"

"All ready," she called back, and ran into the hall to meet him. She was not afraid of his survey. She saw him looking at her frock, her hat, the smooth sweep of her hair, and smiled confidently.

"Am I all right?"

"You look perfect, my sweet. I could look at you all night—but I've got a taxi waiting!"

"Heavens! Wait a second while I turn out the fire and the light, and I'll be with you. Don't let's lose a taxi, for goodness' sake."

They went down in the lift together and cautiously across the pavement to where they could just see the dim shape of the faithfully waiting cab.

Cedric followed Sandra into the taxi and put his arm round her shoulders. She drew back just a little, and then, with a small, breathless laugh, relaxed against him. It was odd how she sometimes had that instinctive reaction from any intimate contact with him. Although she was tremulous with excitement when he kissed her or put his arms about her, there was a moment beforehand, a moment almost of fear.

The window did not fit very well, and a little draught played

Cedric had fallen in love with her, too, and although they had not spoken very definitely about the future, that was because there had been no need to. It was implied in everything that they did and said and thought. When she had the opportunity, Sandra would ask Toby to divorce her and she and Cedric would get married.

Well, the opportunity had come, and she would tell Cedric so tonight. It would be an immense relief to come out into the open, to have done with concealment.

They dined and danced at a fashionable restaurant. Sandra, who loved parties and bright lights, felt her spirits rise in response to the sophisticated glitter. She was growing accustomed to it now. She had, indeed, changed from the provincial lawyer's wife of three years ago. She had been smiling at Cedric over her wineglass, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed, but suddenly she gave a little shiver and set down her glass. A provincial lawyer's wife—oh, how horrid of her, to think of it in that way, when once it had meant so much to her. Cedric said, anxiously:

"Is anything the matter?"

She shook her head.

"No. But I've got some rather—exciting—news for you."

"What is it?" He spoke kindly. There were times, thought Sandra, when Cedric was almost smug, when he spoke to her as if she were a child to whom he was giving a treat.

She drew a deep breath.

"Toby is coming home."

Cedric raised his eyebrows a little.

"Why should I consider that exciting?"

"But don't you see!" cried Sandra eagerly, "we'll be able to tell him about us. We'll be able to end this hiding away of what we feel. Toby will accept the situation and do what has to be done." She stumbled round the word divorce. "And then we'll be able to get married—"

She broke off, puffed and uncertain. She had run on, tumbling out the words, but now she realised that Cedric had shown no eagerness in response. He had even—surely it was imagination—drawn back a little, and his face was expressionless, a cold mask. He said:

"Oh, yes, of course. But these things, Sandra, will have to wait until your husband does get here."

He put his glass down deliberately. "Shall we dance?"

She rose, her head held very high. They danced, three or four times. There was a cabaret show and Sandra laughed and applauded and had another glass of wine. It was rich, red wine, but it did not warm her at all.

Cedric, with that flair for getting comfort out of life which was peculiarly his, secured another taxi for the homeward journey. It was a new taxi, and indulged in no teasing draughts.

Cedric said good-bye to her at the entrance to the flats. He did not suggest coming up with her, and he did not make any plans for their next meeting. Neither of these omissions had ever occurred before.

Sandra pressed the fourth button in the automatic lift and was carried up through the quiet, darkened building. Stiffly, moving like an automaton, she let herself into her flat and sat down on her dressing-table stool. What a fool she had been, what an absolute, utter fool.

Cedric had never intended marrying her. He liked taking her out and being enjoyed flirting with her—she must have seemed admirably suited for just that, since she had a husband safely overseas. Cedric had never taken it at all seriously. He probably thought that Sandra knew the rules of the game and didn't dream that for her it could have become serious.

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not usually show toward precious, hoarded things, she poured salts lavishly into the bath and watched the water slowly turn to rose.

She bathed quickly, for there was really no time to linger, even in such scented, inviting water, and went through into her bedroom.

She sat down at her dressing-table and began to brush her shining hair into high-piled curls. They crowned her well-set head with dignity and distinction, and were very different from the simple hairdressing of the early days of her marriage. She wondered if Toby would like them. Cedric did. Cedric had said, "Sandra, you're lovely," when he had first seen them.

Sandra made up carefully, placed upon the top of her curls three rosy carnations and some loops of velvet ribbon that went by the name of a hat, and studied herself thoughtfully in the mirror. The black frock suited her, the absurd hat suited

her, and she felt, without vanity, that she would come up to Cedric's critical requirements. For Cedric set a high standard for feminine beauty.

Cedric. There was no use evading it any longer. She was in love with Cedric, and she would have to tell Toby so. To-night she would tell Cedric that Toby was coming home.

Four months ago at a cocktail party she had met Cedric. She had thought the meeting quite a casual one, and had been a little surprised when he telephoned her next day, asking her to dine with him. She had accepted, and from then on there had been no looking back, no pausing for breath. She had been swept off her feet, and was still a little dizzy from her impact with Cedric Heyworth, who was a heady enough draught for any young woman. He was rich and good-looking and successful, booked, they said, for a Government post in a

coldly on her neck, just in exactly the same place as the draught that used to come through the cracked screen of Toby's shabby roadster. She wished she hadn't been reminded of that to-night, or of the way Toby used to hold her close to him, "so that the draughts won't get at you," and of the misery of the day when they had sold their loyal, friendly car for ten pounds, because Toby couldn't take it away with him and she could get no petrol.

It was folly to let emotion get the better of you when you had resolved to be cool, collected, and sensible. She had not particularly liked the role that she was playing, falling in love with another man when Toby was overseas fighting. But these things happened, and it was hard to help yourself if you had had a blow in the solar plexus. That was the effect Cedric's whirlwind interest had had on her. She had fallen in love before she knew where she was.

"Shall we dance?" Cedric asked, with a sudden air of detachment.

WYNNE W. DAVIES

MURDER IN TOW

Our intriguing mystery serial

By CHRISTOPHER HALE

FOR a moment Bill stood staring impatiently at the figure of Stephen James slumped in his chair, his eyes closed. Then he bent over him, shaking him gently by the shoulder.

"Have to get the rest of the story from him," he muttered to the police officers.

Steve's eyes opened. He stared vacantly back at Bill.

"Come on," Bill encouraged him. "You were on the ferry. What happened next?"

Comprehension came back into Steve's eyes. He made an obvious effort to rouse himself and murmured: "Guy worked me out of the car. Rolled me off into the water."

"The ferry people claim that's impossible."

"They would. Wouldn't they? I guess I know what happened." His head sagged.

"Okay. How did you swim, tied up?"

"I saw what was coming minute I heard the water. I began to try to get loose. Got one hand free enough to slip it out of the rope soon as I hit the water. The rest was easy."

"But how did you get up here? It's ten miles to the ferry."

"I know. I swam in to shore first. It isn't deep. I could walk a lot of the way. I was just about all in. Then I got afraid to land. I thought maybe somebody was laying for me—to make sure I didn't get loose—or wash in. So I went on wading up shore a few miles."

"No wonder you're ready to croak."

"Yes. Finally I landed. I started to walk to town. I tried to hitch-hike. Nobody'd take me till an old nigger came along in a rattletap truck. I still had some money on me. I paid him to bring me here."

"Why didn't you report at the police station?" one of the officers asked sharply.

"I didn't think of it. All I thought about was Bundy. I wanted to get to French as fast as I could and go on looking. Haven't you any trace of her—at all?" His voice was shrill.

One of the men shook his head. "We aren't leaving a stone unturned. But the girl seems to have vanished. She may be found, though, before the night's over." He detailed some of the ramifications of the search. Steve seemed a little comforted.

"You'd better use the extra bedroom here, Steve," Bill said. "You're in no condition to be of any help." Steve mumbled, "I'll just lie down a few minutes. Then be fine."

Bill winked at the men. "All right, Steve. Fine. In here." He started out of the room.

With the same stubbornness with which he was clinging to consciousness Steve refused. He was going home to rest for five minutes. He wanted his own clothes to take with him. They humored him as they would the mildly insane. One of the policemen agreed to keep guard over him till morning lest his kidnapper try a more successful attack on his life.

While this officer helped Steve out to the police car the other man lingered to speak to Bill.

"Is there anything in his story that calls for extra investigation, to your mind, Lieutenant? The chief's always glad of suggestions."

"No. You've interviewed the ferry people, and I suppose you're going over his car for finger-prints."

"Yes, sir. And I can say I've crossed often on the ferry at night. I shouldn't think it would be impossible to slide a body out of a car door and let it down into the water. Particularly if you had a pal to create a rumpus on the opposite side of the boat to attract attention away from you."

"That's possible," Bill agreed absently. His mind was busy with his own plans and theories. "But be sure to keep an eye on Steve. The minute he comes to life again he'll start out hunting the girl. He must not go alone. He might not be so lucky the second time."

"Yes," The young officer nodded.

"I was thinking, we've got to keep our eyes peeled. Steve's coming back this way has spoiled the killer's plans. Maybe if he doesn't know Steve wasn't drowned he might give himself away. We might persuade Steve to lie low till we got our hands on the killer."

Bill laughed ruefully. "I wouldn't bet on it."

"And that perfume Steve mentioned. I wondered if we might trace it."

BILL smiled. He didn't want to discourage the young officer's enthusiasm. He'd been an eager, blundering young freshman himself not many years ago. The business needed that kind of new blood. But these suggestions all seemed such a waste of time to him. The idea that had come to him in the Peckham house had been growing clearer and more convincing with every hour. He was busy

formulating new plans to fit his incredible theory. He managed at last to get rid of the police and their charge in a diplomatic way. As he went back into the house a shrill scream came from the rear.

Mrs. Gillam, in agitation and a dark negligee, flew out of her room, shrieking. All her metal curlers danced. Her creamed face glittered. "Help! There's a man in the garage. I saw his head. The light's on. Quick. Get the police back here, William."

"Oh, calm down," Bill said wearily. "I know all about it. It's only Hod."

Mrs. Paige was in the hall too, now. Mrs. Gillam whirled on her. "Olive, one of those dreadful Warners is lurking about the garage. Hod."

Bill was angry. "I told him to stay there."

"Olive! Mrs. Gillam's voice quivered with emotion. Bill couldn't decide what it was. "Surely you are not going to agree to that. It's bad enough to have the girls in the kitchen after what their mother tried to do. Poison us all. If that man is going to stay there in our garage I am going to a hotel."

Bill said, "If you'll let me get in a word I can save you a lot of trouble. I'm taking Hod away at once."

"William, you're not going out again after the way you looked when you came home a few hours ago?"

"I'm going on a necessary errand, Aunt Olive. I'll be back—when I can. Nobody need worry about Hod. He will not spend the night here." He took his slicker and went out. The rain had eased to a gentle drizzle.

Hod drove him to the Peckham house. If Corinne Peckham was not home in half an hour Bill planned to raise the roof about it. It was five minutes after one as they parked at the kerb.

He leaned on the doorbell. After a long time someone said from the hall, "Who is there?" He recognized Corinne Peckham's shrill tone.

"French. I want to talk to you."

"For heaven's sake. Are you crazy? It's the middle of the night."

"This is a matter of life and death. Open that door, and be quick about it."

A window folded back its right-hand casement beside the front entrance. Mrs. Peckham's voice was hard, tough.

"What d'you want?" The car lights glittered on something in her hand. A small, wicked, blue steel revolver.

This wouldn't do. Bill intended to get half his information from her appearance when he questioned her rather than from her words.

"Open this door or I'll have my chauffeur break it down."

"I'll call the police and—"

"Go to it. You'll save me the trouble."

"What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Do you mean to say you don't realise Bundy has disappeared?"

"Nonsense. She must be in her room."

"Did you look when you came home?"

"Of course not."

"Go look now if you don't believe me. I'll give you five minutes to let me and my chauffeur in to talk to you. Then I'll call the police and have you questioned at headquarters."

"Rough stuff," she sneered.

"You're right."

"This is ridiculous. Bundy must be spending the night at a friend's. In the morning—"

"One of the minutes is gone. Hod, come up here," Bill called quietly.

Mrs. Peckham kept them waiting only three of the allotted minutes. Bill shouldered into the hall with Hod close behind.

"When did you see Bundy last?"

"Some time this morning. Or yesterday morning, I should say. She said she was going to lunch with Stevie."

"Where?"

"Good heavens, how do I know?"

"Did you recommend any place to eat? Tea-shop or cafeteria, to Stevie. A new place, perhaps, just opening?"



The two men halted abruptly, staring transfixed at the figure in the doorway.

Mrs. Peckham's gaze of astonishment seemed genuine to Bill. "What is all this? Who says I did? I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"What was Bundy wearing?"

"I didn't notice."

Bill's dark blue eyes pierced hers. He said with soft menace, "I advise you to think about it and look in her closet."

Compressed rage made her whole head pink. But something in his manner held down the explosion. She marched out of the room on hard, quick steps. Banged doors. Returning, she remembered a tweed suit, grey-green with fine rose-and-lavender flecks. A hat of the same tweed. A green scarf, pale green shirt. Brown calf shoes that buckled on the side.

"That's better," Bill said over his notebook. "Haven't the police asked you about this?"

"No. They have some sense of decency. I just got home from a card party ten minutes before you came."

"Some party."

"And just what does that mean?"

"You weren't here at a quarter to six when I came to look for Bundy."

"Oh, it was you who broke into

this house, was it? That's a misdemeanor—or something." Her eyes glittered. "Maybe I'll talk to the police myself."

"Go to it. Do you realise Bundy telephoned and asked me for help? It might have been from this house." Bill described what had happened, watching her unblinkingly.

Mrs. Peckham's straight, thin lips relaxed enough to curl up at the ends. "You don't know Bundy, Lieutenant. She has played several roles in the little theatre here. Crazy about dramatics. I'll bet she simply staged that little scene for your benefit."

"Where is she now, then?"

"In hiding somewhere, just reveling in being the centre of the limelight. Or perhaps she skipped out."

"Why?"

Her smile was insinuating. "Lieutenant French, do you mean to tell me that you, an expert detective, really believe Bundy had nothing to do with her grandfather's death—that released a fortune for her use?"

Bill chose to ignore that remark. "By the way," he asked icily, "what happens to Bundy's money in case she dies?"

Please turn to page 23

"I can do with less if it's Kayser"
because I depend on the quality of Kayser... and buy war bonds

KAYSER
GLOVES—HOSIERY—LINGERIE

'NUGGET'
MILITARY TAN
makes the shine
AND THE
BOOTS
last longer

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MARDIE AND THE BEAST

By Australian Author
COLE TURNLEY

WHEN she turned the corner of her house Mardie Harte stopped so suddenly that her bulging shopping basket swung high at her side. Her big blue eyes were staring as she took a step backwards.

A large, scraggy puppy was attached to the back-garden tap by a piece of rope. He emitted a woorf of greeting and grinned, with his tongue lolling from the side of his mouth.

Mardie smiled back nervously and said, "Good dog . . ." He wagged his tail. What on earth, she asked herself, was a dog doing in her back garden? She moved over to him gingerly and put out a hand. He sniffed it, and slobbered. She hastily withdrew it and watched him straining eagerly at his rope.

"You're silly," she stated, and she couldn't think of anything else to tell him. It was no good saying he mustn't be here. He probably wouldn't understand. Though he might know to go home if she undid the rope.

Putting down her basket, she bent to untie him, and noticed that the rope was threaded through a piece of torn cardboard with something scrawled on it in pencil.

"Be still!" she scolded. "Be still! You're ruining my dress."

He sat down with a thud and his expression said, "Eh? Wassat? What's up?"

"What have you got tied to you?" she asked, and he jumped up to her again to let her know that it was just some silly note thing, and who cared?

"I want to see," she insisted. "Be still!"

She got hold of the note and he shut his mouth and waited, impatient for her to get this ridiculous looking-at-notes business over and done with if she must waste time with it.

"Sorry you weren't in, darling," she read. "Here he is. Love and kisses, G.G."

She stepped back. He strained toward her, asking for further attention, but when she didn't even acknowledge the request he sat down again glumly to wait some more. A flea bit him and he irritably bit it back.

This was most extraordinary, thought Mardie. She couldn't think of anybody who would want to give her a puppy. It must be a woman to say darling.

None of the men she knew had called her darling—on paper, anyway—since she'd married Arthur. Must be somebody silly, to make such a silly gift. Whom did she know who was silly? There was Harry Toleman. But he was a man, and his initials weren't G.G. Anyway,

Harry Toleman would be the last person to say darling. He usually went to the other extreme and called her Mrs. Harte.

Well, whoever gave her the puppy, the main thing was, what could she do with him now she had him? She could untie him for a start, as she'd thought before. In the hope that he'd run home. He may not yet know that this was his home.

She stooped to untie him and he jumped up and licked her chin. "Get down!" she cried angrily, but he didn't seem to think she meant it, and he bounced up again, and this time licked her dainty nose. "Stop it!" she implored him.

Deciding that she was serious, he remained on his four legs while she struggled with the knot at his neck, and to make it clear that he took no offence, he flop-flop-flopped at her knee with his tail. She took the rope away and he realised: Any good, eh? She's been letting me go! He rushed round the lawn three times to show his thanks. Then he came up and grinned at her.

She smiled back because she felt she had to be polite, but she told him, with as much severity as the circumstances would permit, that he must go home—that is, where he'd come from. He took it that she was only joking, and ran round the lawn again.

Mardie did wish she knew who G.G. was. She might have been able to ring up, tactfully explain that she wasn't mad to have a dog, and suggest that perhaps some other good home . . . Well, surely she'd think who G.G. was sooner or later. For that matter, surely G.G. would contact Mardie soon to ask if the pup, so carelessly left tied to a tap, had been found all right. In the meantime she'd have to see what she could give him to eat.

She rang Irene and asked if she could think of a G.G., but Irene said offhand she couldn't. Mardie explained the situation, and Irene thought it amusing.

Mardie had been going to stay at Irene's that night, but she didn't suppose she could now. Irene said, Rubbish, the pup could look after himself; but Mardie explained that she'd be sure to worry over him. "Still, I'll be quite safe, Irene dear," she pointed out. "He's probably a very good watch."

"Every dog I know that's supposed to be a good watch is really only a false alarm," replied Irene sceptically. "That's supposed to be a pun about clocks."

"Oh, Irene, you do say mad things." "The word of the master. Well—don't let him chew all your slippers, dear."

Surely Irene didn't think she was going to let him in?

But she'd just gone to bed that night when he set up a steady howling which got her out of bed three times to go to the back door and shush him before she let him in after all. He slept the rest of the night on one of her best lounge chairs.

There was nothing that could be done for the present, she decided—except to get him some proper doggy food and await the identification of mysterious G.G. She got her shopping basket.

Uninvited, he capered along the street with her. She'd better try and get him a collar and leash, too, she decided. His mode of progress would get him run over before he was a day older.

They approached the shopping centre as a very good-looking, though very young, man drew up on a bicycle and put an elongated leg to the ground. "I say, excuse me," he said, smiling. "I happened to notice that pup."

"Oh," Mardie stopped and faced him. "Yes, he is nice, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is. Yours, is he?"

"He is in a way." "He laughed. "In a way? Don't you know?"



"What's up?"
the dog seemed
to say, gazing
up at Mardie.

"You see, it's all most strange. I found him tied to a tap in my back garden yesterday."

The pup ran up to the young man and leant his forepaws against the long leg. "Well, what do you think of that?" the young man said, smiling down in response to the gesture, "I thought there couldn't be two with such little breeding so much alike."

He smiled faintly as he looked up at Mardie again. "Did he have a note tied to him?"

"Yes, he did!" A great light dawned upon Mardie. "You're not G.G., are you?"

"How do you mean? Yes, that's right. Gerry Griffiths my name is."

"Oh! Just fancy! Then how—" "I left him at a friend's place, and my friend was just coming home when she saw some kids running off with him. And she wasn't able to catch them."

"But how—?"

"I suppose they must have taken him and left him at your place for a joke."

"Oh, what a horrible, cruel thing to do. And I was so puzzled. I couldn't think what on earth it was all about. I mean, the last thing I wanted was a dog—and, of course, I thought someone had left him for me. I've been going mad trying to think who G.G. was."

"I'm sorry about that. Anyway, you'll be glad to get rid of him now, won't you?"

Mardie looked surprised, then smiled, understanding.

"Of course, you want to take him back, don't you? Will he follow you on your bicycle?"

"It might be easier to carry him. I think."

"Yes."

"Come here, boy." He caught the pup and after some attempts succeeded in wedging his sprawling

length perilously under his arm.

"Well, I'm glad I ran into you."

"Yes. Thank you for taking him."

"Thank you. Well—good-bye."

"Good-bye. Good-bye, puppy."

As the young man rode off the pup craned his head round to look back at Mardie. He gave a violent wriggle, and the young man had to take a firmer hold to prevent him from falling. But probably he was only trying to get himself more comfortable, Mardie thought. She half-raised an arm to wave at him, and he opened his mouth and gave a slobbery grin. The young man rode his bicycle round a corner.

It was a lovely sunny day. Mardie decided she might just as well walk on to the shopping centre, anyway—though she'd really only wanted dog's meat and a collar and leash.

He'd have been an awful nuisance—and what would she have said to Arthur when he got home on his next leave? They'd never had a dog since they were married. He may not like dogs.

It would have been nice to have kept him for the next couple of days, though, while Mother was away. But it was even better, of course, to go and sleep at Irene's. Well, he was gone now, no matter what, so that was that. Mardie looked in a few shop windows, and decided she may as well go home again.

His bit of rope with the scrawled note still lay by the tap on the back lawn. Must tidy it up. She really wasn't a doggy person. She hadn't even thought to give him a name. A name occurred to her right then: Piophi. That was the noise he made with his tongue when

he opened his mouth to laugh at you: Piophi.

It would have been sad, having to give him up like that if she had been a doggy person. She shouldn't have let him come out with her. That nice young man wouldn't have known where to look for him. But as she wasn't a doggy person, it had all worked out for the best.

Pity the nice young man hadn't said where the rightful owner lived, though. Mardie thought she could have gone for a walk to see him some time. But he'd be all right, of course. The young man might come and let her know how he was getting on. But of course the young man had no more idea of where Mardie lived than Mardie had of where the young man's friend lived.

Oh well, it was no use just moping about over that wretched creature all day. Better get herself some lunch.

She hummed a tune as she moved about the kitchenette because there was nothing to be sad about. He hadn't died or anything, and she was better off without him, knowing, as she did, that he had a good home.

She suspended her song in mid-air while her knife remained poised over a tomato. What was that whining noise?

She ran. When she opened the back door he jumped up at her.

"Piophi!" She hugged him as he licked her chin. "Piophi! You must never go out again until you've grown up enough to disguise yourself."

(Copyright)

Equality

ELL me, girlie, do you ever,

As you stand in tram or bus,

Think perhaps we aren't so clever,

Wonder if the joke's on us?

Don't you feel those maidens tender

Seated at embroidery frames,

Kept by the superior gender,

Were, in fact, the wily dames?

Free, enfranchised, self-supporting—

Girlie, don't you go too far,

Let papas of sons you're courting

Ask you what your prospects are!

—DOROTHY DRAIN.



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THE ENSIGN HAD A GUN

By . . .

WILLIAM C. WHITE



Slamming the breech shut, aiming, firing — Larch was working like a madman.

I WAS torpedoed off Hatteras on the—well, who cares about the names of eight-knot tramps?

After nineteen days in a lifeboat a destroyer brought us to a North Carolina port, and I went into a hospital for three months with badly infected feet.

For days after we landed I could still hear how the skipper shouted, even when the lifeboats were leaving the ship, "If we only had a gun to shoot with. Any rusted-up gun so long as it'd fire." That stayed in my ears because it was so true. The sub, came so close that we could have hit her with a putty blower or a stone. We hadn't even got a stone.

I couldn't forget the captain. He took the second boat by choice, the leaky one, and slipped away from us in the early morning fog. No crying, no profane fury at the Germans. Just, "Why don't they give us guns?"

His boat disappeared for good in that fog.

When I left the hospital I had finished with the sea for life, but don't misunderstand. I wasn't frightened. I was just fed up, even if I did hear they were putting guns on every ship.

I worked in Norfolk for a while, then in Baltimore. Then I went up to New York. After two days I dropped in at the maritime hiring hall in West Seventeenth Street because where else would you expect a sailor to go.

I found I wasn't the only sailor in the place still limping from lifeboat feet. Most of the men there had been torpedoed at least once, but some of their ships had got the sub, with newly installed guns, and everybody was satisfied.

The second afternoon I was in the hall they read out the name of a boat, the Starlight, and said there were vacancies for two able-bodied seamen, sailing at once. Nobody was interested. Then the man next to me jumped up. "That one's for me, pal. A shipmate of mine came from India on her and helped take her to Brooklyn to have a new gun put on. That was three

weeks ago, so she must be equipped now and ready to go. A brand-new gun, I heard."

It was either what he said or the way he said it. Two hours later I was going up the gangway on the Starlight. At that moment I couldn't have told you what color she was. All that interested me was the stern of the ship—and there it was, a brand-new four-inch gun! I felt so pleased that I didn't care where we were going or what we were carrying. Later it turned out that we were carrying general cargo and Navy stores to Trinidad.

The second mate put me to work at once. I always like that feeling of joining straight in with men doing the sort of work you know best. The crew was like any other crew. They were the same sort of men who go out of New York on fifty ships a day—Americans, Swedes, Irish, one Dane. They all felt good about the gun.

"Who's going to look after it?" I asked.

The Dane answered, "Navy men. Eight of 'em and an officer."

"The men bunking with us?"

The Dane shook his head. "Got special quarters at the stern. That new deckhouse by the gun."

I found out we had two big machine-guns mounted on the boat deck. That made me feel even better.

THE captain came aboard an hour before sailing time. His name was Rithering. He was American, an elderly man, short and squat, with the broadest shoulders I ever saw. He was no beauty, but captains aren't picked for their looks.

His big red face had an assortment of mixed features and looked as if they'd been tossed at him until a few stuck. He spoke to us as he came by. Some of the crew who'd been with him said he ran a strict ship and stood for no fooling, but he bent over backwards to be fair.

Five minutes later when we were fastening down the last hatch cover I heard someone say, "Hey, look!"

Up the gangway came a naval officer. He was tall and young and shaven so close that he looked pink, like a shaved puppy. He was wearing whites, and they were creased in just the right places and wrinkled nowhere. I tried to work out how he could get on board without at least one wrinkle. His epaulets were new and shiny and the gold on his cap glistened. The one star on each shoulder looked varnished. He carried a brand-new leather bag, and he passed us quickly, without so much as a glance.

The jokes weren't good, but they were plentiful.

"What is it, the ship's new mascot?"

"Perhaps they're going to make a film on board!"

The Dane had the right answer. "Ensign in charge of the gun crew."

Just then the ensign turned to the nearest man. "Is the captain upstairs—I mean, in his cabin?"

"Upstairs?" Someone nodded.

and the men were still laughing five minutes later. "He'll probably be asking for the cellar next!"

"What's his name?"

The Dane knew. "Sir, Ensign Larch, sir, at your service, sir!" The way he said it was so funny everybody doubled up in hysterics.

No matter what Ensign Larch looked like or what he knew or didn't know, there was our gunnery officer and the only one we had. We looked up at the gun again and saw a group of tough gunners standing round it. We felt better.

By nightfall we were out in Ambrose Channel. The Dane, another man, and myself had the graveyard watch, from twelve to four, so I had the evening free. The night turned into one of those nice starchy ones and the air was pleasant. We'd have preferred fog. A group of us sat on the forward deck. I noticed

that for the first couple of days out most crews like to stay on top at night as much as possible, even if they can't smoke. Not that anyone's afraid, but everyone is thoughtful, remembering what they remember, and besides you have a better chance to leave the ship in a hurry. After a couple of days men forget what they're remembering and then everything's as it used to be.

The only thing the crew talked about now was Ensign Larch. It hadn't taken long to get all the dope on him. Some got it from the gunners, some got it from the officers' steward, and others heard it indirectly from the chief engineer, whose cabin Mr. Larch now occupied.

HE really was an ensign. In fact, he had been one for a full ten days! He had not been to sea before, very much, but he had read a lot of books about it, and he had a brand-new copy of "The Naval Officer's Manual" beside his bunk. He also had three or four photographs of one girl, and a bottle of pills for sea-sickness. One thing he was supposed to know was gunnery. When the Navy found they needed gun crews for the merchant marine, they trained a lot of landlubbers as officers for these crews and that's what they taught them.

"If the steward looks round Mr. Larch's cabin he'll find ear wads to keep out loud noises. I betcha, I betcha," gurgled the Dane.

Nobody disagreed.

Yet, when I went on watch, it was comforting to see a couple of gunners standing beside that gun. A third figure there looked like the ensign, and I wondered what he was doing up.

The second mate was in charge of my watch. He suggested that the three of us split the trick at the wheel and that each of us took a turn and then acted as lookouts, one port and one starboard. Even in that way four hours at night off the Jersey coast these days are longer

than four hours in most other places. We were relieved at four, and no matter what you're thinking about, when you have to sleep, you sleep. So I slept.

When I woke up it was bright sunlight. I went to the galley for some porridge and coffee, and I had to help myself because there wasn't anyone there. I thought that was funny. Then, as a couple of us sat down to breakfast, I heard steps on the ladder. There was Mr. Larch. He was wearing sensible-looking khaki. In fact, he looked pretty dirty, as if he'd been greasing and oiling for the last hour. But he had his pretty new cap on and he had a shiny .45 strapped to his side.

He cleared his throat like a schoolmaster. "Come on, men, up on deck."

The men with me just blinked. We weren't due on until noon.

"In case of trouble," Mr. Larch said firmly, "we shall need a gang to bring up ammunition, and my men will be too busy to attend to that. We'll have a first drill now."

Because we didn't know what else to do, we followed him.

A crowd stood round the gun. The cook was dragging up boxes and barrels which I imagined Mr. Larch wanted for targets. The bosun was building some sort of racks near the gun and not looking happy. Four of the black gang from the engine-room were standing by. The Navy crew was there.

We gathered round the gun while Mr. Larch went to the breech and again cleared his throat. "Men," he began, "we have a job to do here—to get Nazi subs. Remember that!" He looked round for comment. "Even if the sub gets us first, we'll keep on shooting. I want it clear from the first that even if the order to abandon ship is given, no one leaves this gun. That goes for all of us."

Some of the black gang looked at each other.

Please turn to page 18

SANDRA took off her carnation hat and slipped out of her chiffon dress. With angry impetuosity, she pulled down her golden curls and brushed them into the long wavy bob that she had worn when she first married Toby.

She went through the next few days in a mood of great wretchedness. She still could not believe that it was really all over, that Cedric could have left her just like that. She tried to persuade herself that she had been mistaken, that she had imagined the withdrawal, the instant coldness when she had threatened to become importunate.

Yet the time passed and there was no telephone call from Cedric, no gay invitation—"Come and dine and dance, sweet"—to show that everything was as it had been. There was nothing just this blankness of loneliness and unhappiness, this awful questioning—what was going to happen now about Toby?

For Toby might arrive at any moment. Any night she might come home from the office and find him waiting at the flat.

By the end of the week she felt she could not bear it any longer. She was strained to snapping point. She had a day off and she had meant to devote it to all kinds of useful domestic jobs that had been piling up. But when she woke in the morning and found the thin sunshine streaming in through the window, she knew she could not possibly remain in the flat in her present brooding loneliness.

From the back of her wardrobe she took her blue tweed suit that had been made for her trousseau. She put on a wine-colored sweater that Toby had liked, and low-heeled shoes, and she brushed her hair into its shining long bob and went hatless to Marylebone Station.

She had hardly ever approached the cottage by way of its neighboring market town. She and Toby always made the journey easily and casually in their car. She walked down the broad High Street and saw the dignified Georgian house, with whitewashed steps leading up to the porch doorway, where Toby had his office.

There was a quarter of an hour to wait before the bus left, but already a queue had formed at the starting point. Sandra did not remember queues in the old days. But she did remember the excellence of Miss Patty's Cake Shop, which was conveniently placed just at the bus stop. And the sight of it reminded her that there would be no food at the cottage. She went in and

Miss Patty, looking as much as ever like an advertisement for lavender-water, greeted her warmly, as if she had only been gone a week instead of three years.

Sandra bought sausage rolls and scones, she also bought some flapjacks, because Miss Patty expected her to as a gesture to the past. Toby's devotion to Miss Patty's flapjacks was an unfading memory for the little lady.

Sandra got into the bus, laden with her little paper bags, and it proceeded on its way in a leisurely, rural fashion.

The cottage would be empty. The tenants had left some months ago, and so far Sandra had been too busy to find anyone else to take on the lease. She got off at the corner and walked down the lane, past farmer Dobson's mill and the dilapidated remains of the old village pond, and then she came upon the cottage.

She took out her key with fingers that trembled slightly, in spite of all her endeavors, and she opened the door and went straight into the long, low sitting-room she had loved so much.

The cottage did not smell dusty and neglected. Mrs. Hawkins, seconded into occasional service, was evidently doing well her job of warming and airing. The chimneys covered on the sofa and easy chairs were fresh and colorful, the window-panes sparkled in the sunshine, and so did the brass harness ornaments arranged against the brick fireplace. There were even logs waiting ready on the wide hearth.

Sandra went from room to room, sparing herself nothing, deliberately mounting up against herself all the things that she had been ready to throw away, the memories, the little shared intimacies that had been so precious, the planned hopes for the future.

She went into the small dining-room which she had done up in red and white, so that it was a gay and inviting place; she went into the kitchen, she climbed the twisting stairs of dark polished oak and went into the spare room with its nasturtium silk hangings and its divan bed, and the bow-fronted chest which she and Toby had picked up in a shop in the Lanes at Brighton. She opened the door of the bathroom, where the water always took so long to run hot; she ran her hand caressingly over the door of her linen cupboard, and at last she came to their bedroom, hers and Toby's.

It was a large room and, like the sitting-room beneath, it had a

beamed ceiling. The walls were painted white, and there was a furry white carpet on the floor. The blue chintz curtains were sprinkled with white stars, and there were white-starred petticoats to the dressing-table and easy chair upholstered in the same material. The bed was spread with quilted blue silk—Sandra's mother had quilted that coverlet as her wedding present to them.

Sandra stood on the threshold and tears came into her eyes. She looked at it all, her heart aching, but she did not go into the room. Instead, after a moment or so, she turned away quietly, shutting the door behind her, and went down the stairs again.

She had meant to go back by the three o'clock bus, but at three o'clock she was still in the garden. A cloud had come over the sun, and it had grown cold. She shivered a little, and made up her mind to go indoors.

The sitting-room, so clean and cool and correct, seemed to reproach her.

"You've left me alone," it said, "you've not lived in me. I want a fire on the hearth, and books and papers scattered about, and flowers in the vases. I want a tea-table drawn up to the warmth of my flames."

And Sandra, looking at it, remembering, thought: Why not?

KNEELING on the hearth, she lit the twigs set ready, and the dry logs above them caught swiftly, and leapt into warm life. She turned on the lamps and the gloom of the darkening afternoon was defeated. She brought out her best linen cloth and covered the tea-table with it, and then she went into the kitchen and looked into the tea-canister on top of the mantelshelf. It held some tea, as she expected, for Mrs. Hawkins would do no work in a house unless she could make a cup of tea during the process. There was no milk, but that couldn't be helped. She'd make weak tea and pretend it was China. She brought out the scones and the flapjacks, and arranged them on tea-plates.

And when it was all done she carried in the tray and set the table for two and sat down in the easy-chair across the hearth from Toby's and resolutely poured herself out a cup of tea. "Go on pretending," she whispered to herself fiercely, "pretend that Toby will come in a minute for his tea, pretend that after tea you'll sit by the fire on the floor at his feet, his arm about you, pretend that we'll draw the curtains and have dinner here, and afterwards read and talk through the evening as we used to do. And then, when the fire has died down, we'll go upstairs together, arm in arm."

Yes, it was better to pretend than to face the fact that in a quarter of an hour she would have to go out into the sombre twilight and return to her lonely, empty flat.

When she heard the footsteps on the path she thought it would be Mrs. Hawkins coming to see why lights should be shining from the cottage. When the door opened, and Toby stood on the threshold she was too startled for astonishment.

Toby, looking scarcely less startled, took a quick step forward. "Sandra, my darling, what on earth are you doing here?"

She was in his arms. She was laughing and crying; she felt his kisses on her face; she was clinging to him, not believing it, chafing him to draw comfort from his tangibility.

At last, they let each other go, and Toby looked round the room, savoring its sweet normality.

"I could do with some tea," he said.

Continued from page 3

Sandra replied, shakily, blowing her nose.

"There's isn't any milk."

"You'd be surprised," answered Toby, lightly, "the substitutes we had for milk in the desert." Then his eyes lighted on the flapjacks. "Miss Patty's flapjacks!" he shouted, and, picking up the plateful, slumped himself in an armchair. As Sandra poured out his tea he smiled across at her.

"You haven't changed. I thought you might have done. But you're just the same dearest—it's—it's pretty wonderful of you." Then he looked puzzled. "I didn't know you were living here again," he said.

Sandra shook her head.

"I'm not. I'm just down for the day."

Toby glanced round the lamplit room, warm with the fire, and then his gaze came back to Sandra and rested upon her. When he spoke again his voice was quiet.

"It's just as strange that I should be here," he said. "Shall I try to explain it, Sandra?"

She nodded.

"I was suddenly frightened," he said, speaking carefully to the flickering fire, "frightened of the three years that have separated us, the experiences we have both been through, you as well as me. I didn't know what to expect. I've seemed so far away from everything, in a different world altogether. When I landed I thought: I'll break the journey to London, I'll go to the cottage. That'll set me firmly on my feet again. It will give me a sense of proportion. It won't be changed, and it will give me back some of the memories that have begun to fade."

He stopped, as though unsure she was understanding him.

"And so I came, and you were here, just as I'd always pictured you—and I had been so afraid that you might be changed."

The moment had come. She couldn't escape it any longer. She sat up and clasped her hands tightly together.

"Toby," she said, "I have changed. And . . . and I came to the cottage this afternoon for the same reason that you did."

"To get a sense of proportion?" he asked.

She nodded.

"And did you find it?"

"Yes," said Sandra, and her voice was very low.

THAT'S all right, then," said Toby. "I was frightened because I felt I might be a stranger, and you were frightened because—"

"Because I've been a fool," whispered Sandra.

He looked steadily at her. "Let's leave it at that, shall we? I think I understand."

That was the wonderful thing about Toby, he understood so much. For a moment she gazed at him in relief and gratitude too deep for words. Then she ran across the room and he rose swiftly and took her in his arms. She began to sob, burying her face against his shoulder, while his arms held her with patient, understanding gentleness.

"I don't know what happened to me, Toby," she sobbed. "I forget so many things."

"It's awfully difficult to remember the real thing when you've been making do for a long time with substitutes; you begin to get muddled which is the really important thing," he might almost have been speaking of himself, not of her.

"Did you find that, too, Toby?"

He smiled wryly at her. "You bet."

She was suddenly, overwhelmingly conscious of the idiosyncrasy of her vast preoccupation with her own concerns; her sublimely egotistical assurance that her experience was unique.

"I thought everything was different—because of the war, wasn't it silly of me?" she sniffed apologetically and held out a hand for his hanky.

"You were a proper goose," he agreed, lovingly mopping her up. "It takes a while of a lot more than war to change people. Everyone talks as though nothing were going to be recognisably the same when the war's over—as though the human race were going to be something completely new and strange, with totally different desires and longings—all poppycock!"

"Is it, Toby dear?" said Sandra eagerly.

"Of course, it is," he assured her, shaking her shoulders gently, his eyes smiling down at her, bright with confidence and love. "You'll see, chicken. Real things, like what I feel for you and you feel for me, and making a home and keeping it, and flapjacks for tea—these sort of things never pass away."

He bent his head and his lips pressed firmly, hungrily on hers. "Do you understand? Do you understand now, Sandra?" he whispered.

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● CLAUDE RAINS (above), one of Hollywood's finest character actors, will soon be seen in Warners' "Passage to Marseille" with Humphrey Bogart and Michele Morgan. ● BOB HOPE (top right), famous Paramount comedian, who recently visited Sydney during one of his overseas camp tours. His latest film is "The Princess and the Pirate."

Movie World

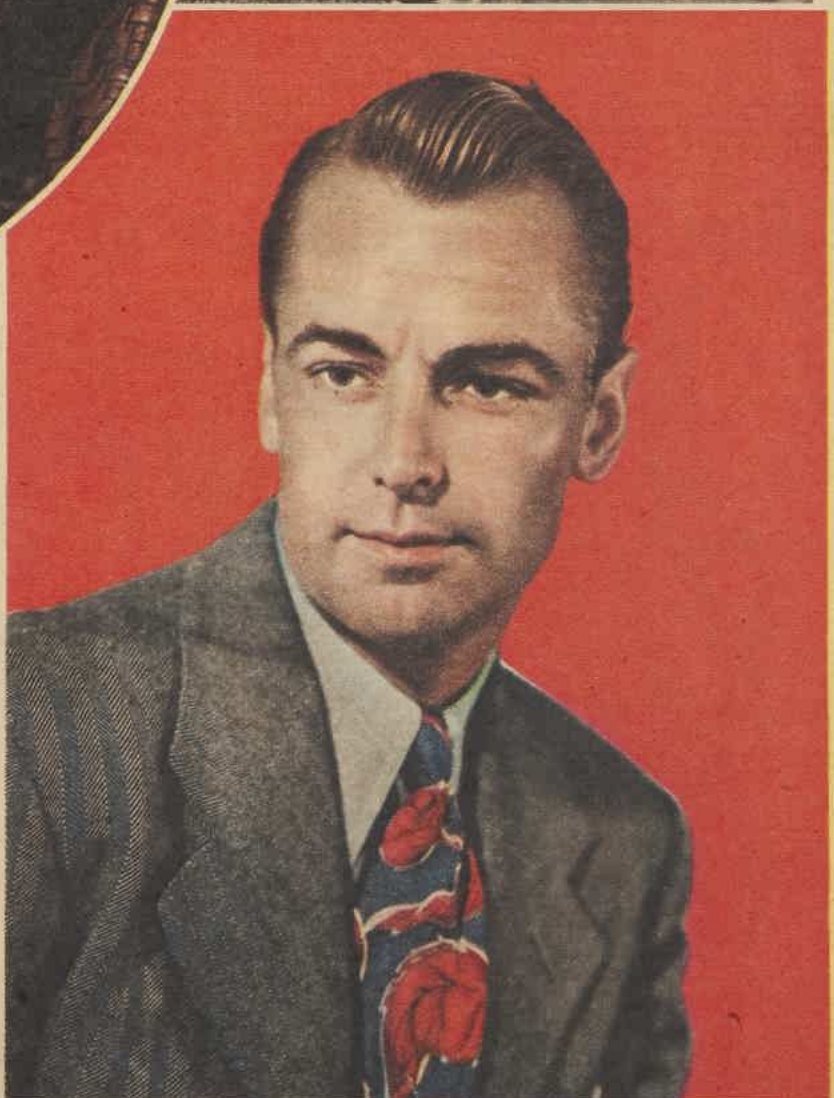
THREE DIFFERENT TYPES

CHARACTER actor Claude Rains, comedian Bob Hope, and romantic tough guy Alan Ladd present three completely different examples of Hollywood leading men.

Rains is one of America's finest character actors—and he is English. He is known round the film studios as the champion scene-stealer. He is now in England working on his most important screen role—Caesar in Gabriel Pascal's technicolor production, "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which he co-stars with Vivien Leigh.

Bob Hope is one of the most popular radio and screen comedians in America. Since the war he has given up many film offers to go off on overseas tours of the Army camps. To soldiers all over the world he is incomparable as an entertainer. When he returns from his tour of the South Pacific he starts work on the Paramount production, "Bring On the Girls."

About two years ago Alan Ladd made "This Gun For Hire" for Paramount and was an immediate success. He usually plays tough, gangster roles, and as a romantic lead his popularity was on a level with that of Clark Gable. Sue Carol discovered him and works as his agent, and shortly after Ladd won public acclaim they were married.



● ALAN LADD has had a meteoric rise to fame at Paramount. Last year he was discharged from Army Air Corps medical unit. He spent several months in hospital and reports to the Army this month. While in Hollywood he made films—"And Now Tomorrow" and "Two Years Before the Mast."

A talented twelve-year-old

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD
in Hollywood

ONE of the most important star discoveries Hollywood has made in the last few years is Peggy Ann Garner, an elfish 12-year-old with an amazing acting talent.

This blonde, sensitive little newcomer is under contract to 20th Century-Fox, and at the studio occupies the bungalow which was specially built ten years ago for dimpled Shirley Temple, when that youngster was the idol of the film colony.

The studio displayed their confidence in Peggy's ability when they gave her the biggest child's part in screen history—the role of Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"—and, according to advance reports, she gives a sensational performance.

In this film Peggy appears in seventy-three of the total of seventy-five scenes.

As soon as she had completed this exacting role Peggy started work in "Not Hill," opposite George Raft.

The other day I went to the studio and interviewed this small star on the set. Peggy was wearing a quaint 'nineties costume, and sat swinging her high-buttoned boots as she told me the joys of being a film actress.

Peggy's bright, intelligent little face does not conform to any set standards of youthful beauty, but her fine emotional ability more than compensates for any lack of prettiness.

I have often noticed that the people who can predict the future greatness of new stars are usually the unsung and unnoticed workers on the set.

With this in mind, I asked a grizzle-headed propman what he thought of Peggy's potentialities.

"The kid made me cry when she did that scene from 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,' where she hears of her old man's death," he said. "Gosh! What acting. She didn't shed a tear, but, so help me, everyone else was bawling like babes. If you ask me, she's likely to win the Academy Award."

Peggy began her professional career when she became a model for the famous John Powers in New York. She modelled children's clothes, and was discovered to be unusually appealing.

At the age of six she went to the Alvin School of the Theatre, in New York, and appeared in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" in stock companies in New York and Washington.

Having achieved some success before the cameras and on the stage, Peggy arrived with her mother in Hollywood in 1938.

For six weeks their efforts were unsuccessful. Then her mother managed to contact director John Farrow, who consented to interview Peggy. Farrow immediately sensed



Even in such talented company as Orson Welles, Joan Fontaine, and John Sutton, Peggy won the critics' acclaim for her portrayal of Jane Eyre as a child.

the youngster's rare qualities of personality. He gave her a role in "Little Miss Thoroughbred," starring Ann Sheridan, and as the Hollywood expression goes, Peggy "clicked."

In "The Pied Piper" Peggy got her big chance. The film had been in production a week when the little girl who was playing the role of Roddy McDowall's sister went down with measles.

Peggy was called in, and while the picture was begun over again she began the role which was to mark her as one of the really distinguished child actors of the screen.

Peggy is completely natural and unspoiled by success. She goes to movies twice a week, collects stamps and perfume bottles.

She hasn't yet had a youthful "crush," and when I asked her of Roddy McDowall, her team-mate of "The Pied Piper," she insisted, "I think of him only as a brother."

Blonde, wistful-eyed Peggy Ann Garner has, at the immature age of twelve, delighted Hollywood veterans with her unerring sense of the dramatic. Peggy is an only child, and her father is a lieutenant in the U.S. Army.



In spite of five previous screen appearances, it was Peggy's splendid performance in "The Pied Piper" which established her as one of the most important child stars. She is seen here in a scene from that film with Monty Woolley, Fleurette Zama, Roddy McDowall, and Merrill Roden.

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1 **PENNY** (Charlotte Greenwood) lives with brother, Thunder (Walter Brennan), veteran horseracer, now penniless.



2 **THEIR NEPHEW**, Sparke (Lon McCallister), who loves horses, secretly persuades Jed (Ward Bond), manager of wealthy stables, to give him a job, and becomes interested in owner's daughter, Cri-Cri (June Haver).



3 **CHAR** (Jeanne Crain) assists Sparke to "borrow" stallion and secretly breed with Thunder's champion mare.



4 **WHEN CRI-CRI RETURNS** from boarding-school with her wealthy boy friend, Sparke is hurt by her lack of interest, but the faithful Char consoles him, and together they look forward to the birth of the foal.

HOME IN INDIANA



5 **AT FIRST ANGRY** at Sparke's deceit, Thunder is overjoyed when the foal is born, and plans a racing comeback.



6 **MONTHS PASS**, and the champion, Maureen, is entered in a big race, but owing to Sparke's inexperience is injured.



On location in mid-west

THE 20th Century-Fox production, "Home in Indiana," photographed in technicolor, is a simple and sincere story of horses and the men who breed them.

For this film the studio sought the authenticity found only by extensive location trips.

The company of 94, assembled by producer Andre Daven and headed by director Henry Hathaway, spent 54 days in the mid-west—Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky—shooting against the backdrop of actual county fairs, Grand Circuit harness races, and the nation's most historic breeding farms.

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U.S. Legation gracious home for popular family



STANDING ON THE BALCONY which overhangs the main entrance to the U.S. Legation in Canberra, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson admire the view.

Architecture and furnishings are based on early colonial style

By EVE GYE, Editor of our Homemaker Dept.

The new American Legation at Canberra will soon be ready for occupation by the U.S. Minister to Australia, Mr. Nelson T. Johnson, his wife, and their two children.

In their three years in Australia, the Nelson Johnsons have won true popularity. They, in their own words, "love Canberra," and say that their children have become "real Aussies."

THEIR personalities will be the final touch needed for a gracious and beautiful home.

Mrs. Nelson Johnson and architect Malcolm Moir, Canberra supervisor of the construction, showed me over the building.

It was planned and furnished by the State Department in Washington. But Mrs. Johnson naturally has taken a great interest in every step of the construction of her new home.

She told me she has spent days with her head in packing-cases, unwrapping some of the chandeliers and lamps, the pewter, brass, and glass of exquisite workmanship which have come from the United States.

"Many a time I've gone home with my hair bristling with 'excelsior' (packing fibre)," she said. Unfortunately some of the beautiful



INFORMAL CONFERENCE around the fireplace in the living-room. Mr. Nelson Johnson stands in front of the grate. Next to Mrs. Johnson is architect Malcolm Moir, supervisor of construction.

mahogany pieces of furniture were damaged in transit from America, but they are being repaired by local experts.

Situated on a hilltop, the Legation commands lovely vistas of Canberra and its surrounding hills.

The architecture is based on that of colonial Williamsburg, which was the seat of Government and economic and social centre of the Virginian colony from 1699 to 1779.

Williamsburg's architecture was inspired by the contemporary work in London of Sir Christopher Wren. (Some early Australian architecture, including St. James' Church, Sydney, stemmed from the same source.)

Wren himself designed one of the most famous buildings of Williamsburg, the William and Mary College.

The Legation resembles in part the William and Mary College, and furniture, furnishings, woodwork, wall and ceiling treatments are authentic reproductions of the Williamsburg period.

The imposing entrance hall has a floor paved with Belgian



MRS. NELSON JOHNSON on the beautiful staircase. Stairs and balustrades are of Queensland cedar; rungs and rails and steps were hand-turned in Victoria and put together on the job.

black and Australian white tessellated marble tiles, blue walls, rose ceilings, and bone-white woodwork.

In the reception-room the walls are cream with dado and woodwork of green. Curtains and upholstery are oyster-colored, satin-striped in white and Corinthian purple.

To the left of the entrance hall is the powder-room, with pastel green walls and damask curtains.

The spacious living-room, with its grey walls and rose ceiling, has doors and windows which open on to the portico and are framed in draperies of dusky-pink and ivory.

Burgundy-colored rugs cover the highly polished tallow-wood parquetry floors. The chairs are upholstered in old-gold damask.

Opening to the left is the dining-room, with rose walls, ivory ceiling, and blue dado, and woodwork, and cornice finish. Draperies with a love-bird design in two tones of blue frame the tall windows, and the chairs are upholstered in cerise.

From the other end of the living-room you enter the spacious library, beautifully panelled in waxed Queensland cedar with a frieze of Creole beige. Comfortable chairs

THE UNITED STATES LEGATION at Canberra. To the left of the entrance is the powder room; to the right, the reception-room. The sunroom or solarium is in the foreground; above are the bedrooms. The bricks, made in Canberra, are faithful reproductions of the type used in colonial Williamsburg.

and lounge are covered in green hide, and rich green curtains decorate the windows.

Beyond the dining-room is the spacious pantry, and kitchen equipped with modern labor-saving appliances. These offices open on to the staff sitting-room, decorated in pale green and daffodil-yellow.

The solarium, or sunroom, which commands a panoramic view, is furnished with colorful and comfortable lounge chairs, and plenty of cushions. Its curtains are moss-green, cocoa-pink, and beige.

Bedrooms are on the first floor. The master bedroom has smoke-grey walls, warm ivory woodwork, and drapes of natural cotton with a scarlet ribbon design draping the five sets of windows.

Close by are the bedrooms for Betty Jane and Nelson Junior and guest rooms. On the second floor are staff bedrooms, sewing and pressing room and playroom.

In true American style, the house is centrally heated. At the press of a button, a thermostatically controlled oil-burning furnace will operate to keep the Canberra winter at bay.



MR. NELSON T. JOHNSON, U.S. Minister to Australia, about to enter his car from the portico side of the Legation. This faces east and is directly opposite the main entrance.



VIEW OF CANBERRA from a dormer window on the second floor, facing east. Mrs. Nelson Johnson (in foreground) specially likes this view at sunset, when the whole of Canberra is bathed in a pink light.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 30, 1944

AUSTRALIA'S GREAT TASK

GREAT events are brewing in Australia. Army Minister Forde predicts that the A.I.F. will shortly engage in campaigns as important as any in their history.

It has been announced that large numbers of soldiers will be arriving from Britain.

Rear-Admiral Muirhead-Gould said the other day that he regretted having to leave just now, instead of being able to see the Royal Navy anchored in Sydney Harbor.

The defeat of Germany will mark only the beginning of full-scale war in the Pacific.

Australia must devote all her resources to this final grand effort.

So the Second Victory Loan is opening at an especially significant moment.

When the First Victory Loan was launched, victory even in Europe was still veiled in an obscure future.

Even the most optimistic did not dare to hope that by September the Allies would be assaulting the Siegfried Line.

Plans for the post-war world seemed a trifle remote, almost visionary.

Now the Loan authorities have been prevented from using the Sydney ferry-sirens as part of their campaign, lest the citizens rush into the streets and begin to celebrate.

European victory is as close as that.

Many people are thinking of the post-war world as just round the corner.

But Australia must still fight for that world with desperate determination against a ruthless enemy.

Money is essential for this battle.

The Second Victory Loan must be filled.

Subscribe to it to-day.

Aeroplane repaired on lonely island

Groundstaff men land for job fully armed

A plane forced down on a lonely island about 100 miles from Allied-held Biak Island, off Dutch New Guinea, was repaired by R.A.A.F. groundstaff personnel.

When these specially selected men arrived on the island Japanese were believed to be in the vicinity.

The story of this repair job is told by LAC A. S. Stone, in a letter to his wife at 72 Dartbrook Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

"It all started when, during a very heavy storm, one of our aircraft failed to return to base.

"We had given it up as lost, as the last message received from the crew was, 'Nearly out of petrol and do not know position. Am going to land on small island.'

"Later on another message came through to say that the aircraft was down on a very small coral island, and that a Mrs. — lived there in 1941.

"This message was investigated by authorities, and much to our surprise they knew of her, and told us the name of the island.

"How the pilot knew that Mrs. — lived there was due to his exploring the island.

"He came across a few small huts, and in one of them he found, among other things, a medicine bottle with Mrs. —'s name on the prescription.

"How's that for initiative?

"As soon as he found the bottle he immediately went back to his aircraft and started his motor, and kept it running while his wireless companion sent out the message.

"Immediately a boat was sent to his rescue, and he was picked up after being on the island for four days. The two of them were quite well when they returned to camp.

"The pilot had taken photographs of the damage to the aircraft's rudder frame. Plans were immediately arranged for either repairing the aircraft and flying it home, or salvaging it for spare parts.

"The first news I heard of the party that was selected to do the job was on the night of August 20, when our engineering officer told me to be prepared to leave first thing in the morning with all necessary tools.

"Only seven men were picked, including the pilot, who wanted to fly his own aircraft back.

Job started

"THE engineering officer gave us the full story and plans, and told us that the task was not without danger, and gave us all a chance to withdraw. I don't think there is any need to say that nobody accepted the invitation.

"We set out next morning, armed to the hilt.

"We reached our island and went ashore with our tommy-guns, steel helmets, hand grenades, water-bottles, and spare ammo. Under cover of darkness we made a very successful landing, and quickly took up covering positions.

"When it was daylight we made an inspection of the island. As far as we knew there were Japs in the vicinity, as the aircraft had been interred with.

"Assured that all was well, we immediately went to work on the aircraft, taking care that there were no booby traps laid.

"Once our work started on the kite, the two dinghies were sent out to the boat for tools, new rudder, and food, and one of the dinghies towed three 44-gallon drums of petrol.

"The refuelling of 120 gallons of



THE LION LOOKS ON. Men of the R.A.A.F., Morris Stanley, W.A. (navigator), and F/Sgt. N. E. Barnes, N.S.W., feeding pigeons in Trafalgar Square, London. Photo sent by Mrs. W. G. Barnes, 93 Ross St., Belmont, N.S.W.

petrol had to be done by means of a coffee tin, which only held about two gallons.

"By three the job was nearly completed, but there was a little patching up to be done, and I was asked to do the job.

"The liquid used to hold the fabric cloth into position is a red lacquer. I was not wearing any clothes, and was barefooted.

"I stood up with the one-gallon tin of 'dope' in my hand, and before I knew where I was I was sliding down to mother earth with the tin of paint following.

"I was covered with paint from head to foot. And did it sting! It dried on hard, and I stayed that way for the rest of the day.

"Eventually the great moment arrived, and as the take-off strip of coral was only usable at low tide, we had to have things ready on time. The pilot started up his motors, and prepared to take off on the roughest and shortest strip I have ever seen.

"In the middle of the strip the sea had wasted away the sand, and it made things very awkward.

"With his motors roaring, the pilot sent the kite on its way. When he arrived at the washaway he bounced the aircraft 20 feet into the air, and landed 100 yards farther on, and immediately bounced her off into the air and headed straight for home. It was a remarkable performance.

"We arrived back at camp at 2 a.m. next day feeling very tired, but very proud of our achievement."



UNIT CRICKET TEAM. Members of an R.A.A.F. unit cricket team, at present leading in an R.A.A.F. cricket competition being held in the Far North. Back Row: LACs Moore and Bathurst; Cpls. S. Flegeltau and Randall; LACs McNair and Carey. Front Row: LACs Simpson and Williams; S/L. W. Matson (captain), Cpl. R. Horan, and LAC Oliver.



TROOPS IN TROPICS. Soldiers with a platoon setting at Bund. Photo sent by Mrs. L. G. Hyland, Shrapnel St., Cannon Hills, Qld.

LAC H. S. Wight, R.A.A.F. Works Unit, Aitape, Dutch New Guinea, to his wife at Yarram, Vic.:

"ONE can hardly credit that so much work could be done in such a short time as in this place since we landed.

"The Japs had done nothing to try to hold it, except having a lot of food dumps about the country.

"A big mob of natives have come in from the hills lately, the men being about the best-built natives I have seen so far.

"Some of them were sent to the sawmill to work, and after watching another chap and myself cutting trees down, were very anxious to have a try.

"The butts are too awkward to cut, so we put sticks in the aide to stand on, while we cut it off about eight feet from the ground.

"The natives' method is to build a stage round the trees, but after trying our way a few times they proved very good at it."

F/O Lewis C. Marriott, R.A.A.F., to Mrs. F. V. Marriott, 119 Days Rd., Grange, Qld.:

"AN American officer mentioned that aircraft were doing a regular trip between America and Australia, and that it may be possible to get on to one of them. This

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

sounded too good an opportunity to miss.

"At Chamberlain Field we learned that it was an easy matter to get a ride on an Army plane. After making arrangements for parachutes we fixed it to be on the spot first thing in the morning to try our luck.

"We got up with the birds and drove out to the field. All was quiet until 11.30, when we were told that a Dakota plane was going west at noon.

"The only snag was that it was a major-general's private plane, so we had to ask him would he mind us travelling with him.

"We were standing under the wing awaiting his arrival with quite a party in attendance, ranging from captains and majors up.

"When the shooting had died down I approached and told how long we had been away, and how wonderful it would be if we could get home for a day or two.

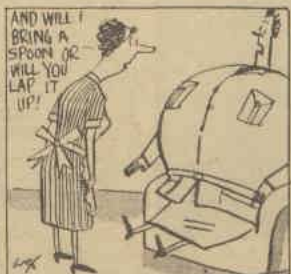
"He replied that unfortunately he was not going to Australia, but as he was heading west to jump aboard by all means.

"We put down at Hill Field, near Ogden, Utah. Originally this was as far as the General had intended going, but as he had eventually to go to San Francisco he decided to go on after dinner and so help us all he could.

"We again became airborne, this time Frisco bound.

"The captain who was piloting asked if I would like the controls for a while. I jumped at the chance.

"I actually flew the ship from Reno to Sacramento."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB



EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 27: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, September 28 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, September 29: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, September 30: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Favourites."
SUNDAY, October 1 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, October 2: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."
TUESDAY, October 3: "Musical Alphabet."

Men who benefited humanity

Dramatised success stories of famous men of past and present are heard by listeners to 2GB's new quarter-hour session, "Achievement."

THE session is broadcast every Friday night at 9.15.

Personalities whose life-stories are featured include Winston Churchill, Captain Matthew Flinders, Sir Humphry Davy, Andrew Carnegie, and Captain Robert Scott.

The achievements of each of these men, all in widely divergent spheres, have provided 2GB with a wealth of material which should prove both entertaining and inspirational to listeners.

Charts made by Captain Matthew Flinders more than 100 years ago are still in use in Australian waters.

Yet Matthew Flinders, in common with many of the other famous men featured in this session, had to fight a ceaseless battle against prejudice and opposition.

Sir Humphry Davy, the brilliant scientist, appalled by the fire tragedies in mines, caused by the open lights used by miners, worked tirelessly to perfect his miner's safety lamp, thus saving countless lives.

There is splendid dramatic material in the story of that great British explorer, Captain Robert Scott, who died in attempting to reach his base camp in the Antarctic after a successful dash to the South Pole.

Among Americans featured is Andrew Carnegie, the penniless Scottish emigrant, who became one of America's greatest industrial leaders and benefactors.

His rise from a poorly paid employee of the railways to a magnate controlling huge steel mills and shipping companies is among the most fascinating of the success stories in this new 2GB "Achievement" session, a session which should prove popular with listeners.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"He looked at me with those big brown eyes and I just couldn't shoot him!"



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA: Have been watching LOTHAR: Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, in a sensational wrestling match in which he fought the Champ (Bull Burly). Also watching are Sharpy, Lothar's manager, and Joe, the fight promoter.

Normally Lothar doesn't care for fighting, but Burly angered him, and although declared the winner, Lothar continues to batter his enemy. Police intervene, the pair are held apart, and the referee announces Lothar as heavyweight champion of world.



TO BE CONTINUED

U.S. women wooed for votes



MISS FRANCES PERKINS, U.S. Secretary of Labor, addressing aircraft apprentices. Miss Perkins is the first woman in the U.S. to attain Cabinet rank.

Elections in November may provide "cat-fight" between glamor candidates

Cabled by LINDSAY CLINCH, of our New York staff

Five million men overseas are likely to be counted out as a real voting factor in the November elections, for voting in U.S. is not compulsory, and many soldiers will not bother to vote. So both political parties here are beginning unabashedly to court American women.

This political wooing of women on a national scale reached its peak of streamlined efficiency with non-partisan leagues stimulating voting interest by the publication of political handbooks, by radio campaigns, and small discussion groups, which are fostered on a neighborly basis. "It's just gossip on a high plane," one of the American women campaigners told me.

IN working up interest politically, what are known as "Conversation Cues" are being sent out to women.

These give them a few talking points to work on.

So instead of Mrs. Kelly, as she sits of an evening by the sidewalk gossiping with her neighbors, starting in with "And how's your boy doing over in Normandy?" she asks innocently, "Do you think any nation which starts a war anywhere should be dealt with?"

Mrs. Kelly has the answers up her sleeve, for they arrived with the morning bundle of conversation cues, and Mrs. Kelly's neighbor, not so well informed, is left with a slight inferiority complex till she, too, catches on and picks up her cues.

In these elections there'll be more women fighting it out for seats in Congress, for Republican and Democratic Parties alike have bolstered up their teams of candidates with glamorous and brilliant women.

Chief interest centres on the contest between Clare Boothe Luce, Republican Congresswoman for Connecticut and glamor's most conspicuous exponent, and youthful Irish lawyer Margaret Connors.

America hails it as a "cat-fight" and sits back to enjoy the fun.

Margaret may not have Clare's looks or wit, but combines charm and sincerity with a directness of purpose that is aimed at upsetting Clare's seat in Congress.

Being groomed

A FRECKLE-FACED brunette of the stocky, sporty type, Margaret is being groomed to star on the Democratic platform.

They have nominated her for Connecticut, and now she is being dressed and beautified, having lessons in deportment and voice culture, all as part of her vote-sweeping programme.

Margaret is making an all-out effort in this election.

"But I'm not going to get into any hair-pulling contest with any woman," Clare Boothe Luce told me when I had lunch with her at the Capitol.

"An Irishman never shrinks from any contest, and I'm flat out after Clare," Margaret told me in New York's Biltmore Hotel.

Clare explained how she feels about having a woman opponent, but she wouldn't discuss Margaret.

Margaret told me how she feels about Clare, but wasn't interested in any other women.

Clare said: "It's axiomatic you

can't have a fight if one of the principals won't get mad. I'm not being lured into debating with a woman.

"Those who insist on chuckling over the prospect of an all-women event are going to be disappointed. The Democrats want to draw a red herring across my track by producing a team of glamor girls in this election.

"I feel they do that not for the cause of the party or the nation, but to provide a good cat-fight, which is always entertaining and always injurious to women's position in the world.

"First there is Melvyn Douglas' wife, Hollywood actress Helen Gahagan; then there's the secretary of the National Committee, Dorothy Vredenburg, who's very beautiful and young; and now in my own backyard Margaret Connors.

"She's young and probably very clever, but I'm not worrying about my seat."

Margaret Connors put all her cards on the table.



HELEN GAHAGAN, wife of Melvyn Douglas, film actor, is standing for Congress.

"I've been interested in politics since I left college, but wouldn't have stood for Congress for a few more years if I didn't feel it was time I had a go at Clare Luce.

"She's anti everything I stand for. She's so irresponsible she's a menace to both women in politics and the whole country.



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, Congresswoman and author of "The Women," speaking in Congress. She will be opposed in the U.S. elections in November by Margaret Connors, a lawyer of Irish extraction.

"I don't care how glamorous she is; it doesn't count in running the country. This is politics, not Hollywood.

"Clare Luce is just an opportunist. She's supposed to be an expert at this or that, particularly foreign affairs.

"She's really only expert at getting Clare Luce where she wants to go."

Though Margaret debunks glamor, she makes no secret of the fact that it has voting power, and she's allowing herself to be glamorised.

Margaret is anything but plain. Her wide-set, Celtic eyes are dark blue, and her black hair is thick, wavy, and very nicely groomed.

She hasn't Clare's classic beauty, but she has a tip-tilted nose and a mobile face that expresses her personality and radiates charm.

She has a deep, husky voice that's well modulated, a quality of getting to the rock-bottom of things, and a lot of good, sound, commonsense.

She's fifteen years Clare's junior, and her fresh outlook is very stimulating.

Margaret's clothes are smart, but lack the distinction of Clare's more carefully planned ensembles.

I asked Margaret if she thought it necessary to be groomed like a star for the screen when she felt the real issue was a political one.

She said: "For over a decade the word glamor has apparently dominated the thinking of American women. Virtually every woman, in some way or another, has pursued glamor, and it remains to be seen whether it is a draw in politics."

For all their political diversity, both Clare and Margaret are of the opinion that one day glamor won't really matter in politics, and that's when women will take their real place just as men do.

Among other Democratic nominees are Mrs. Emily Taft Douglas, whose husband, like Melvyn Douglas, is in the Army; Mary Norton, who was the first woman Democrat elected to Congress; and Frances Perkins, first woman to become a member of the Cabinet.

Important Republican nominees are Mrs. Edith Rogers, of Massachusetts; Miss Jessie Sumner, of Illinois; and Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine.

Meeting American women voters of all types, I have found the question in which they are most interested is the attainment of lasting peace.

Five million of these women are organised under one committee alone—the Women's Action Committee—and they've pledged themselves to vote and work for victory and for lasting peace.

Chairman of the campaign committee of this non-party organisation is well known in Australia, for she was Eileen Cunningham, of Narangullen, Yass, sister of Dorothy, who is an actress.

Now married to a fashionable New York doctor, she is Mrs. Russell Cecil, is on the social register, and has a house on Fifth Avenue and a country home at Long Island.

The only political flavor of the committee is its non-isolationist view.

"They Speed the Eagles" is vivid Record of W.A.A.A.F.

A congratulatory message to the W.A.A.A.F. by the Duchess of Gloucester introduces "They Speed the Eagles," recently published book on that Service by Sydney journalist Patricia Massey-Higgins.

PRaising the work of the W.A.A.A.F., the Duchess states that she is looking forward to meeting many of the girls during her stay in Australia.

"As Air Chief Commandant of the W.A.A.F. (in England) I have watched with particular interest the achievements of the Women's Auxiliary Air Forces in the United Kingdom and in the Dominions, and I am proud of their steadfast devotion to duty," she writes.

As a comprehensive, bright, and entertaining record of the W.A.A.A.F., "They Speed the Eagles" is interesting and enlightening, and should attract innumerable recruits.

With the co-operation of the Air Force, the writer has obviously spent a good deal of time gathering facts and material.

As a civilian, she visited training depots, Air Force stations, etc. and lived with Waaafs, and the result is an intimate picture of the Air Force girl in various moods.

Formed in March, 1941, the W.A.A.A.F., now in its fourth year of service, numbers nearly 18,000, with a commissioned personnel of over 700.

These 18,000 girls are now absorbed into 60 different and highly skilled mustering, from armorers and electricians to stereoscopic air photography assistants at Headquarters Intelligence units.

In a chapter on this last highly specialised and "hush-hush" work the author states that its true magnitude will not be known until after the war.

"At the units, W.A.A.A.F. officers of high integrity and exceptional ability examine reconnaissance photographs, and from them make up intricate mosaic maps of enemy-held territory.

"Helped by these Waaafs' logical reasoning, General Headquarters are able to determine the best method of attack against the sector in question."

In an endeavor to discover what the average airman thinks of his



Miss Patricia Massey-Higgins

partners of the past three years, Miss Massey-Higgins found that the men had only the highest respect and admiration for them.

Australian air ace Squadron Leader Graham Pockley, D.F.C., among others, told her:

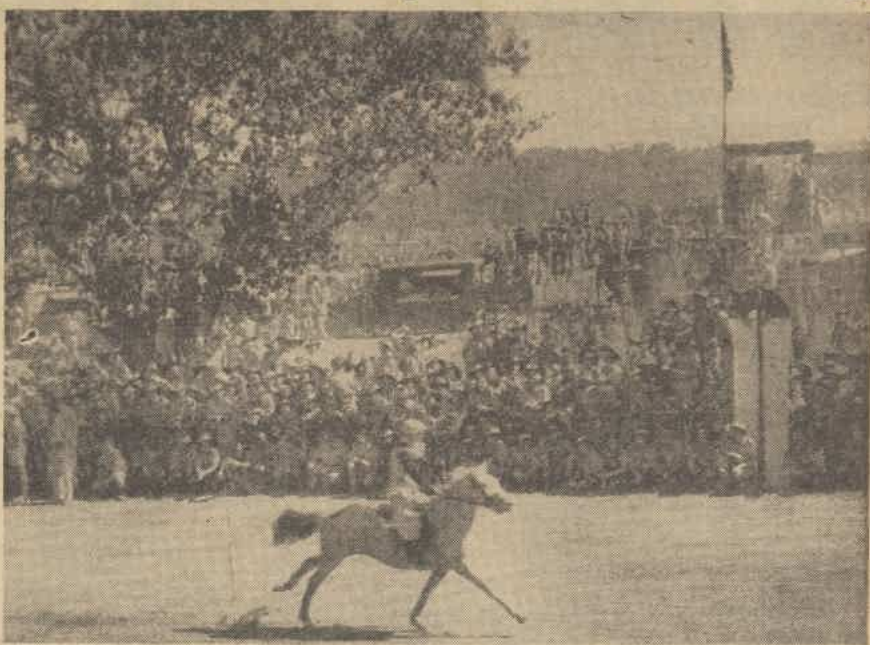
"I worked with the W.A.A.A.F. and discovered their high sense of responsibility and deep pride in the Service. An airwoman's work and her job have to be seen to be believed."

"They Speed the Eagles," priced 10/6, is illustrated with 16 pages of photographs and a number of attractive sketches by Sydney artist Elaine Haxton.

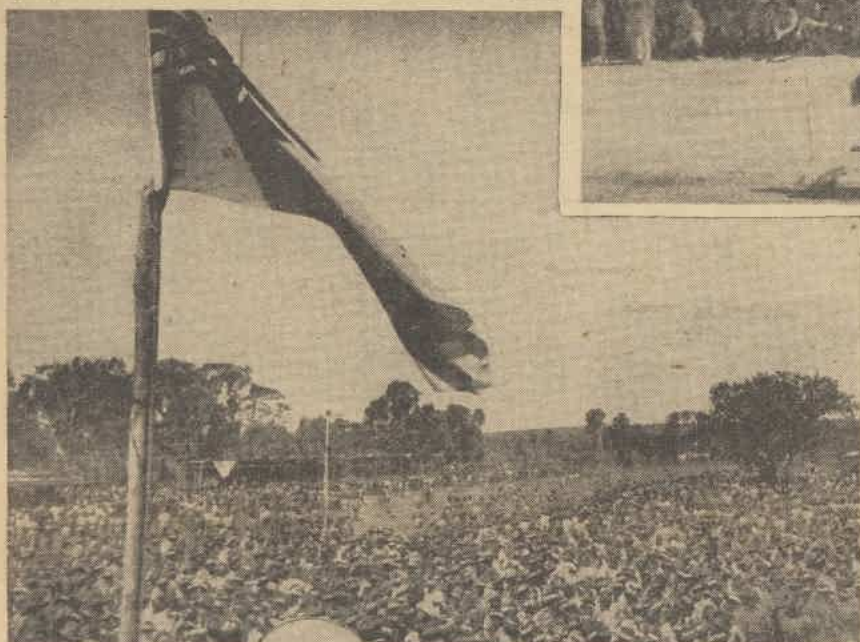
Troops crowd Northern Territory race meeting



A.I.F. NURSE and airmen among crowd of 12,000 Service people at a recent race meeting in Northern Territory.



BUSHFIRE, by Match out of Carelessness, wins race by eight lengths. Horses were brought from two nearby stations.



CROWD at course, which was located quite near Allied operational fighter and bomber air strips.



DRINK of lemonade for thirsty better Cpl. Harry Deppeler; 5000 bottles of soft-drink sold at 3d. each.



JOKE shared between races by A.W.A.S. Lieutenant and an A.I.F. Captain.



PEACHES as refreshments for these servicemen. Cooks of all Services were responsible for the catering at the meeting.



HORSES, including He's Away, by Curtin out of Australia, about to form up at barrier for start of N.T. Derby. As precaution against enemy raid, Spitfires patrolled. Proceeds aided P.O.W. funds.

What's on your mind?

Animal Antics



"Boy, look at those monkeys laying them in the aisle! I wonder who writes their script!"

you honestly think it is cheering to sing "Nearer My God to Thee" to the sick? If I were one of the sick, I would give in on the spot.
—Mrs. S. Morgan.
16 Cavill St., Queenscliff, N.S.W.

Education for adults

ADULT education is being mooted. What splendid news for those parents who have so often lamented the fact that they were denied the educational opportunities enjoyed by the children of today.

An adult education scheme modelled on similar lines to the excellent correspondence method used for children in the outback of Queensland would be brimful of possibilities.

Wireless tuition, although it could form a complement of the curriculum, would not be so convenient as written tuition for busy fathers and mothers.

With correspondence lessons, parents could do their homework at times most suitable to them.

The syllabus could aim at stimulating thought and a keener desire for knowledge, thus helping to produce happy and intelligent citizens.
—Mrs. W. Miller.

140 Walker St., Maryborough, Qld.

Woolen stockings

"ONE of Them" complains (2/9/44) of the difficulty in getting woolen stockings. I overcame that by knitting my own.

Ten skeins of four-ply (five coupons) will make two pairs of stockings, with some wool left over for mending later. I used the same directions as for men's socks, allowing for course for the extra length.

—Mrs. R. M. Christie.
12 Shackel Ave., Concord, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 12. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Classics

A. J. SAXTON (2/9/44), in praising jazz, quotes no definite benefits to be gained from it.

Try listening to a classic, A.J.S., and study the tone and symphony of the various instruments.

You are very young, but you should take care you are not left behind in jazz-land while other "young minds" move on to create a more beautiful and worthwhile world.

—J. M. Bierwirth.
302A Glen Eira Rd., Elsternwick, Vic.

Wigs for women

REOPENING of wig factories after the war would not be for women the useless time and expense spent in everlasting visits to hairdressers.

With hair cut reasonably close, women could then pop on a smart wig for day use or a more dressy style toning with evening frock for night wear.

With reasonable care, the wigs, which should be made of washable artificial hair, be well ventilated, and not cost more than a guinea, would last one year.

—Mrs. Margaret Armstrong
Bellevue St., Lawson, N.S.W.

Irrigate

NO concrete plan has been advanced for the post-war development of Australia's great inland areas.

The irrigating of the inland areas, as outlined by Australian author Ion Idriess in his book, "The Great Boomerang," should become a reality, not a dream, for it would yield Australia untold wealth.

If soldiers are to be encouraged to settle on the land, the work of opening up the interior with the building of roads, railways, and dams must be undertaken.

—Advance Australia.
7 Napoleon St., Sandringham, N.S.W.

Flat committee

CHEERS to Edna Hildred (26/8/44) for her letter on shortage of homes and flats for newlyweds and servicemen on leave.

I have been trying unsuccessfully to find a flat or cottage where I could spend a precious forthcoming leave with my wife. Couldn't a central committee be set up to deal with such cases?

—Pie. G. M. Hutchison, NX55073.

Women's progress

YOUNG women who complain that the laws regarding our sex need speeding up should remember that the Married Women's Property Act has been passed within living memory.

Before that enactment no married woman could own a home, house, land, or any other property.

Women have been granted the franchise, divorce laws have been amended in our favor, the professions and seats in Parliament have been made available to us, and we can wear men's clothes without being haled before a magistrate; all these reforms or privileges have occurred during my lifetime. Moreover, a pretty woman can still manage the cleverest man.

Keep our brains brushed, by all means, but I believe a hair-brush is a better weapon.
—E. Edwards.

24 High St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Too close

AT community concerts, there is often one hymn sung specially for invalids at home and the sick in our hospitals. Now readers, do

The Ensign Had a Gun

Continued from page 7

busy to bring up ammunition. I want to sink as many subs. as we sight."

According to the steward who managed to be outside the cabin door during all the conversation, the skipper turned a sea-grey at that. Pacing up and down, he suddenly pointed a blunt finger full in the ensign's face. "Do you, by any chance, know what your duties here are, Mr. Larch?"

"To defend the ship," the ensign said briskly.

"I am glad to hear you say defend," the skipper answered with relief. "I heard a little of your address just now on deck, and from that and what you have said here about getting subs, I felt you must think this is a destroyer, out to erase the German submarine fleet. He shook a finger in warning. "If we are so unlucky as to sight a submarine at any distance we'll change course as fast as possible and run like the devil."

Mr. Larch disapproved. "I shall certainly fire at any submarine that attacks us."

The skipper agreed. "And I hope you sink it. But if we are hit I shall order all my men to abandon ship at once."

"We might have a chance to get a sub. even after that," Mr. Larch said critically. "If we don't run out of shells."

CAPTAIN RITHERING just stared at him without a ready word. Finally he found some assorted and heated words. "You and your crew may stay as long as you wish, but I'm responsible for the lives of my crew. You can do what you please with your own men, but none of mine is to risk his life unnecessarily to help you play at warships."

The ensign straightened up at that. "I represent the United States Navy. I should hate to report that you refused permission for me to use your crew."

The skipper reacted as if he had just stopped a four-inch shell in the seat of his threadbare trousers. "I represent the Red Circle Line." He pounded violently on a table. "And in a way I represent the Navy."

"In what way?"

"We have cargo aboard which the Navy wants to get through safely to Trinidad." Captain Rithering said icily. "But I would prefer to lose that rather than to lose any of my men. So would the Navy!"

The ensign did not answer.

In the forecabin we didn't feel very happy to know that the man in charge of the gun was just a squirt with an itchy trigger finger and, worse, one so eager to save lives he didn't care whose life was lost doing it.

But we felt pretty good about the skipper.

The ensign went back to his gun. For the next three hours he drilled

his crew without rest. They took the gun apart and they put it together again. They loaded it, unloaded it, loaded it again, but they did not fire one practice round. Then they went to the machine-guns amidships, took them apart, and reassembled them. And yet, whatever Mr. Larch may have been, he was no lily-handed officer; he did as much dirty work as his men.

Lunch that day in the officers' mess, according to the steward, was pretty grim. The captain, the chief engineer, and the radio operator were already seated when Mr. Larch came in with a book under his arm. He nodded, took up his place, and propped the book up in front. It was "A Manual of Naval Gunnery." Throughout the meal he read from it, not looking up once. The captain glared at him, then glared at everyone else.

The chief engineer kept up an animated conversation about the gladioli his wife was growing. The skipper, who had heard the story too many times, looked as if he were ageing fast. The radio man ate steadily and looked depressed. And Mr. Larch read on.

And every meal thereafter was like that. Not a word passed between the skipper and Mr. Larch.

During my watch that afternoon we went along smoothly. The men off duty were dozing below me on the forward deck. The sea was smooth, and the Starlight was heading south with a pleasant lazy roll. Suddenly I heard a whistle screech. The next moment a gun went off, with one shot, then another, then another. I heard the door to the captain's cabin open and saw him, out of the corner of my eye, as he came storming out on deck, a pyjama coat flapping in the wind.

"What's going on?" he yelled down to the ensign at the gun.

"Three rounds of firing, sir," Mr. Larch said formally.

"Couldn't you have announced it?"

"I wanted to take my crew by surprise, sir."

The skipper looked as if he was trying to swallow having things go on in his ship without his knowledge, then walked away.

At six o'clock we were sitting down to supper. Mr. Larch was in his cabin, so far as anyone knew, writing long letters; his one occupation besides gun drill. Suddenly there was a whistle, and then the sound of ripping metal. Those of us in the forecabin cleared out like rats.

On top we found the machine-guns tearing the air. Mr. Larch stood by, looking satisfied. Not far off was Captain Rithering, his face an angry red.

The man next to me said, "It's a great time for Buffalo Bill to be playing games."

Please turn to page 22

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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

A MIXED week lies ahead for most people.

While strong radiations do not favor those born under the signs Capricorn, Cancer, and Aries, it is a good week for Librans, Geminians, and Aquarians.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be wary now. Loss, separations or divorce possible, especially on September 26 (to 2 p.m.) and September 27 (afternoon). October 2 (early afternoon and sunset hours), and October 3 (midday).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Routine should dominate your affairs now. September 26 (4 p.m. to midnight) good. September 30 (to sunset) good, then poor.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): September 28 (to 2 p.m.) poor, but evening very good. September 29 (forenoon) good. October 2 (evening, late afternoon and evening) good. October 3 (to 11 a.m.) excellent; evening good.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Be cautious now. September 25 and 27, and October 2 and 3 can be very difficult. September 30 (evening) adverse.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): September 28 and 29 poor, but October 2 (evening, mid-afternoon and late evening) good; other hours poor. October 3 (to noon and late evening) good.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): September 26 (to 2 p.m.) poor, but dusk to midnight good. September 30 (evening) and October 1 (afternoon) poor.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Love quietly on September 25 (especially to 2 p.m.), and September 27 (especially evening hours). Also October 2 and 3. September 28 (to 11 a.m. and evening) good; also September 30 (noon to dusk hours).

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): September 26 (to 2 p.m.) poor, but after 4 p.m. good. September 28 and 29 poor. September 30 (forenoon to sunset) helpful; evening poor. October 1 (forenoon and late evening) fair. October 3 (to noon and in late evening) good, but midday hours poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): September 28 (to 9 a.m. and late evening) helpful; also September 29 (forenoon) September 30 and October 1 poor. October 2 (evening, mid-afternoon and evening) good. October 3 (to noon and near midnight) good, but midday poor.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Be wary. Avoid worry and change, especially on September 26 (to midday), September 27 (dawn and evening), and October 2 and 3. Routine best now.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): September 28 (to 11 a.m. and after dusk) excellent, but poor from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. September 29 (forenoon) good. September 30 (noon to sunset hours) very good, but poor after dusk. October 3 (to noon and late evening) very good.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): September 30 (noon to sunset) helpful; rest poor. October 1 (forenoon and midday) very fair, but afternoon poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

***** The Uninvited.** Skillfully directed by Lewis Allen, and equally skillfully acted by a fine cast, this film is a real thriller. Terrifying tension is achieved by a subtle blending of everyday occurrences with inexplicable supernatural happenings. Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey are good as the brother and sister who buy a haunted house.—Victory; showing.

**** Show Business.** Eddie Cantor, returning to the screen as a producer and star, has not lost any of his grand flair for comedy. The tale has the familiar backstage theme, but several new slants and snappy gags keep up the interest. George Murphy, Joan Davis, and Constance Moore share the spotlight with Cantor.—Regent; showing.

**** Hit the Ice.** This time Universal have starred their favorite funny team, Abbott and Costello, in a more costly production. The comedians, a gang of crooks, doctor Patric Knowles, nurse Elvise Knox, singer Ginny Simms, and Johnny Long's orchestra are tossed together in a merry mix-up that makes a bright escapist show.—State; showing.

*** Song of Russia.** MGM have squandered an excellent cast and lavish, detailed production on a phony boy-meets-girl tale set in Russia. Only outstanding member of the cast is Susan Peters. Robert Taylor is hopelessly out of his depth, and Robert Benchley is wasted in a dull role.—St. James; showing.

*** Tornado.** This film just manages to scramble into the one-star grouping because it has an interesting script, although frequently marred by rowdy dramatization.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

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DUTCH WACS Mrs. Franziska Schwaner (left), formerly of Dutch East Indies, who signed up for telegraphy, and Mrs. Grace Van Moorsier, attached to medical section, Dutch Army.



AMERICAN BRIDEGROOM, Lieut. George Anderson, D.F.C. and Cluster, U.S. Air Corps, and his bride, formerly Irene Harrigan, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Bellevue Hill, after marriage, with attendants Margaret Thwaites, of Tasmania, and bride's uncle, Mr. James B. Loring.

On and off Duty.

QUITE a stir caused by arrival of British brides of Australian servicemen, group of British Waafs, and party of Dutch Waafs.

All the brides happy and eager to start new life here. An attractive group of typical English girls, they will make homes in different States, but plan to keep up the friendships started on the ship. All the Waafs very thrilled to have been selected for Australian duty.

THIS is first group of Dutch Service girls to come from overseas to work here with N.E.I. Forces. Among first to welcome them on wharf at Brisbane are Mrs. E. Kist and Sophie Van Buren, both attached to clerical staff of Dutch Army. They had trained at same camp in U.S.A. as Sergeant Clara Beukema and Private A. K. Bolkenstein. All four had spent last Christmas together in New York.



JUST ENGAGED, Gunner Pat Crick, A.W.A.S., and her fiancée, Captain Leonard Johnson, U.S. Army. Pat is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Crick, of Berth Park, Wahroonga.



HONEYMOONERS, Bombardier James Mac Smith, A.I.F., of Boreé, Cabonne, Borenorre, and Mrs. Mac Smith, who before her recent marriage at St. Michael's, Vancluse, was Corporal Susan (Toots) Lyons, A.A.M.W.S., of Orange, spend honeymoon in Sydney at Mrs. Reg Provost's home at Bellevue Hill. Couple both served in Middle East and New Guinea.



WHAT WONDERFUL FRUIT! English members of W.A.A.F., Section-Officer Louise Cooke, Section-Officer Sylvia Kent, and Flight-Officer Jean Train, purchase tropical fruits when they arrive in Brisbane with first contingent of overseas servicegirls.



BRIDES FROM BRITAIN, Attractive English girls, Mrs. R. J. Long (left) and Mrs. Frank Wood, wives of Australian servicemen, have informal cup of tea at Y.W.C.A. when they arrive in Brisbane to make their homes in Australia.

ELEVEN Waafs arrived—three to take administrative positions, one to work on switchboard, remainder to assist in hospitals. Many had small silken Dutch flags tucked in pockets of their uniforms. All are Dutch citizens who have lived in America. In charge of the girls is Sergeant Clara Beukema.

HELEN HEYMANS escaped from France in 1942, and was secretary to Dutch Legation in Lisbon before going to U.S.A. last May. "While in what was ironically called 'Free France' she says, 'I went every week to do voluntary social work at a concentration camp at Gurs. It was one of the seven concentration camps under Vichy control, and I could never, never tell you of the misery and hopelessness I saw there.'"

ESPECIALLY pleased with her posting to Australia is Wendela Kiewiet de Jonge, for she will be reunited with her two brothers, Lieutenant Coen Kiewiet de Jonge and Lieutenant Joost Kiewiet de Jonge, who escaped from Netherlands East Indies after Japanese occupation. They are now serving with N.E.I. Air Force.

ATTRACTIVE Private Grace Van Moorsier, who is attached to medical section, formerly lived in Dutch West Indies with her husband, who was on staff of Shell Oil Company, and who is now stationed with Dutch in Maryland, U.S.A.

"Most exciting thing about my trip out," she said, "was meeting my husband in Maryland. But it was a sad meeting. We had one day together to say good-bye. I also had the excitement of seeing my brother, Jan Landaat, in California. He is working with Dutch there." Private Van Moorsier has not seen her family for long time. Has two brothers fighting in Holland, four sisters and her father living there.

UNDER the snub brim of her tin hat excitement sparkled in the dark eyes of attractive Hilda Terbraake as she said how glad she was to be in Brisbane. Born in Holland, she lived in Java, first at Bandoeng, and then in Batavia.

Smallest of the Waafs is Mrs. Margaretha Bakker, born in Amsterdam. She is barely 5ft. "I joined the Army because I wanted to do something for my country," she said.

Those are the sentiments, too, of Private Ella Hassler, who came from Sabu, in Dutch East Indies. "My twin brothers are fighting," she said, "so I want to be in uniform, too."

SYDNEY friends of Mrs. Charles Kappe, of Brisbane, will be delighted to hear that she has received a card from her husband, who has been P.O.W. since fall of Singapore. In the card, which bears Malayan postmark, Major Kappe says that he is "absolutely fit and well."

Mrs. Kappe, who did such wonderful work with camouflage netting, now devotes five days a week to the mending of Army clothing.

WHEN Sergeant Noel Godfrey, W.A.A.F., eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. W. Godfrey, of Coogee, marries Warrant-Officer Owen Stormonth, R.A.F., of Windsor, Brisbane, at St. Nicolas Church, Coogee, her grandmother, Mrs. E. Maunder, travels 300 miles from home in Merimbula to attend ceremony.

Couple have now rejoined their respective units in Queensland.

LOTS of gaiety promised by 6th Australian Armored Regiment Auxiliary younger set at their dance to be held at Federation House, Phillip Street, this Saturday.

Goyce

Interesting People

ADMIRAL SIR B. FRASER, R.N.
... C-in-C. Eastern Fleet

RECENTLY arrived in Ceylon to take up his new post as Commander-in-Chief of Britain's Eastern Fleet, Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser is said to be Royal Navy's most brilliant fighting m.a.n. Sea-air and gunnery expert, he planned the guns for battleships of 35,000 tons King George V class. Present appointment regarded as sign that Japan is now Royal Navy's principal enemy.



SISTER E. KRANENDONK
... in Dutch Army

CHIEF nurse at Dutch clinic attached to hospital and sanatorium recently established in Sydney by Netherlands Government.

Sister Edith Kranendonk is only woman with commission in Dutch Army. Holds rank of lieutenant. She escaped from Holland after German invasion, and was sent to Australia last year by Netherlands Government. Was awarded Meritorious Service Cross.

German invasion, and was sent to Australia last year by Netherlands Government. Was awarded Meritorious Service Cross.

MR. J. ROGERS
... oldest V.C.

ONLY living Australian V.C. of Boer War is Mr. James Rogers, Melbourne. He is 70. Enlisted in first contingent Victorian Rifles to leave Australia in 1899. Won V.C. in 1901 at Thaba Nchu, Orange Free State, for rescuing officer and four men under fire. In 1914-18 was captain in 3rd Light Horse Train and was wounded at Gallipoli. Son is pilot-officer R.A.A.F.



CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY, Warrant-Officer John Greene, A.I.F., of Caulfield, Victoria, and his bride, formerly Marie Castle, at reception held at Merrybryn, Bellevue Hill, after nuptial mass at St. Anne's Shrine, Bondi.

CRISP COTTONS . . . colorful as spring flowers

• A hectic red jacket to wear over a blue-and-white candy-striped frock. The cuffs of the frock and the floppy bow at the neckline provide an effective garnishing for the trimly tailored jacket.



• A fluted peplum is added to this youthful striped cotton frock to give the appearance of a dashing dressmaker suit. The flowing skirt contrasts with the nipped-in bodice, which is effectively laced with contrasting striped material. With it a gay spring bonnet.

• This vivid print jacket top, sketched in the centre, is faced with white, and worn with a blue linen skirt, featuring slight fullness in the front. The jacket is designed on casual sporty lines and teams nicely with slacks. Three whopping red buttons match the saucy hat.

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The

THE more we thought about Mr. Larch the less we liked what we thought. There was no way of telling what crazy things he might do next. That, added to the fact that we never knew what crazy things subs would do next, didn't quieten any jitters. As night came on you could feel everybody tighten. Some wreckage floated by, and wreckage from one tramp looks like wreckage from any other tramp, and that's what we might be looking like the next day.

I sat on deck with a couple of men. You could tell what everyone was thinking about. One man said, "What good is a gun with a lunatic in charge of it?"

No one could answer that. The morning came bright as a button. Mr. Larch got his gun crew up early for drill. He'd been at the gun all night, so I heard, and he'd had the crew up twice for drill!

After lunch the next day he went to the skipper. "I should like to hold target practice this afternoon," Captain Rithering just grunted.

"I should like permission," he said, his mouth tight as if he hated to say it, "to get some of your men to bring up boxes and barrels for me."

At four o'clock stuff was piled on deck and every member of the crew who could get there lined the rail. An afternoon breeze made the water somewhat choppy, and those who bet the ensign couldn't hit a battleship at fifty feet felt pretty good.

Larch's crew was by the gun. Two of them tossed an empty barrel over the side. The ensign at the gun-sight waited until the barrel was three to four hundred yards astern. He fired one round. It went over the barrel. He fired a second round, too short, and a third round faster than anyone thought the shells could be changed. That one got the barrel. The same thing happened to an empty crate at even greater range. He got another barrel on the second round.

A lot of us began to grin, particularly at that second barrel. The

skipper was overhead watching, but whatever he thought his face did not change once, except perhaps to frown.

Mr. Larch then moved his crew to the machine-guns. One of his men handed the first one and took about ten seconds to alk a crate. Then the ensign took the gun and the next crate was splintered in nothing flat. He repeated that several times, then threw over some tin cans and took out his 45. He braced himself against the roll of the boat and sank the tins at will.

He turned to his crew. "That's all, men!"

He and his crew went aft in silence. He reminded me of the way a big actor would stalk offstage after playing to a dull audience in a little provincial town.

The captain, his face like a squall, went back to his cabin.

At supper that night one man said, "I only hope he doesn't try to shoot subs, with his automatic. That was just showing off."

The Dane grinned and went to his defence at once. "Whatever he shoots with, he gets 'em, I betcha. I betcha. And the old man should have said something nice to the kid this afternoon when it was all over."

From Mr. Larch to "the kid" in less than a dozen shots!

But we all grinned and felt the same way. Yes, sir, everyone agreed, the skipper should have said something nice to the kid.

The next afternoon I came off watch and walked aft to stretch my legs. At the rail near the gun stood the ensign, just staring out over the smooth green water to the east. On his face I saw a look of intense excitement. Suddenly he hurried to the bridge, almost tripping as he ran. For a few seconds he and the skipper talked excitedly, staring through glasses all the while off to the east. The men on watch told us later what it was all about.

"Captain Rithering," the ensign said excitedly, "I've sighted a sub. there."

The skipper grabbed his glasses. In a moment he shook his head. "Wreckage, Mr. Larch. Things in the water are deceptive, you know. Even fool an old sailor."

Mr. Larch kept his glasses to his eyes. "It looks very much like a sub, sir."

The skipper swung round like a man who did not like to be contradicted. "Perhaps you want me to change my course and go over and see."

"If it were a sub," Mr. Larch said confidently, "I could get it at fifteen hundred yards."

"And if it went under and decided to get us?"

"It's still daylight," the ensign said coldly, "and we could dodge any torpedo."

Captain Rithering turned on his heel as if weary of talking with an idiot. The ensign followed after him. The light's pretty good. And that would mean one sub, less."

"Mr. Larch!" The skipper's voice was hard and sharp enough to cut through a hawser. "I doubt if the Navy would approve of your desire to play cops and robbers."

The ensign's face went red then white at that and he walked away. A moment later the lookout verified the fact that the floating object was wreckage.

In the forecabin one man frowned. "It's too bad. It's an omen! If the kid weren't so dashed eager he and the skipper could have patched things up."

"Sure," the Dane agreed. "But I betcha he woulda got that sub, too, if it was a sub."

That was how it was on the evening we arrived off Hatteras.

At four in the morning, at the end of my watch, I looked to the east where there was a first light, just the faintest bar of grey. To the west it was still black, and the stars there looked lemony. This was the perfect time for a torpedo—the sub waits for ships to pass to the east, and to stand out as grey shadows against that first morning light. The Nazis know all the tricks, and this is one of their favorites. To spot a sub, in the west, even at five hundred yards, you have to have cat's eyes.

Eight bells struck and the new watch appeared. I was glad because I was tired. The second mate said something. I forgot what. I gave the relief the course and went to the door.

Just then I heard the lookout yell, "Torpedo off starboard bow." Someone rang the alarm bell, and the

The Ensign Had a Gun

Continued from page 18

mate yelled into the engine-room phone. I stood in the doorway, stiffened by the surprise of the thing I had been sure all along would happen. The torpedo hit forward and I fell flat.

For the rest of your life you can never remember the order of the things that happen at once at such a moment. It even takes an effort to remember what you think you thought. Some man fell on me. Another man fell on the two of us. The skipper ran from his cabin, shouting something. I got to my feet. A jolt as the ship seemed to bounce back cracked my head against wood. A second torpedo hit us astern. I got out on deck and stood up. Two men ran by. There was a dull crack somewhere down in the ship.

On shipboard when things are in order there are plenty of noises, but you know what each noise means. Now, in the sudden quiet, new and unexplainable noises made a familiar place horrible and strange. Steam was escaping from somewhere. A piece of metal was clanging against another. There was an explosion at the stern and the crash of splintered wood. A man cursed, then others, and I heard splashes in the water. All these sounds I heard like a man behind a wall hearing a firing squad and not knowing which of his friends were the victims. Then I heard a noise I could place, a loud roar from the stern; our gun was firing.

I was steady on my feet now, and I got to the port lifeboat. Five men and the second mate were there; the first torpedo had messed up those who were in the forecabin, and the second torpedo took care of the black gang.

The skipper came by. Without any excitement he said, "Get your boat away, men."

"Get into it, sir," the Dane spoke up.

"I'll take the next one."

I heard our gun fire again. I think we were going down slowly, but I couldn't tell. Even with the two torpedoes in us we had very little flat.

The second mate gave orders. I began to work automatically, feeling dumbly that all this had happened before, which it had. I don't remember clearly anything more until we were in the boat and away from the ship and rowing round on a smooth sea. The moment I realised that and felt the flimsy lifeboat planking again with my feet I got scared, and I don't mind admitting it.

OUR own gun continued to fire, with none of the speed the crew had shown at practice. The sub was answering. Ahead of us the second mate saw a man in the water and we pulled him in. He was one of the gun crew. He was badly torn in the face but conscious. "Shell got us," he said in a dull whisper. "First sub. shell got the whole gun crew."

I understood. Because the Starlight was sinking so slowly the sub had started to shell her, to take no chances on leaving her afloat. But if the crew were gone that didn't explain why our gun was still firing. Then, as we came round to the starboard side, hunting for anyone in the water, I could see the stern in silhouette against the morning light.

There was Mr. Larch. One of his crew, his left arm limp, was giving a little help.

Then a third man appeared from somewhere, a short, squat man, like a hunk of mainmast, his arms full of shells. It was our skipper, and we saw him clearly but he didn't see us. He was about to go below for another armful of shells when the gunner wavered and fell.

The ensign was opening the breech, inserting a shell, slamming the breech shut, aiming, firing, working like a madman. But faster than he could fire, the sub was firing back.

The skipper took his place beside the ensign, and once again the gun roared and flame flashed.

The mate snapped an order to us. "Come on, men, we'll go in and get them off."

The boat went forward like a colt. Little time was left, for the Starlight was sinking fast, even if easy and steady.

Just then something roared in the west. We knew what it was without turning. Mr. Larch had his sub!

But we didn't turn to see, for something inside the Starlight exploded. The concussion almost upset us. A shower of debris came down on us.

When we looked up there was no ship there.

In our boat there was just one sound, of a man crying, or it could have been rusty rowlocks except that no one was rowing. We were just sitting.

After a while we did row round. We found no one to pick up.

As we headed west the Dane said something. He said: "After that last shot, I betcha the skipper said, 'That's shooting, kid,' I betcha."

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Murder In Tow

Continued from page 4

MRS. Peckham was elaborately indifferent. "I haven't the faintest notion. And you'll only disappoint yourself by imagining I—a step-grandmother—could get it."

"I'm not in the habit of being disappointed. Where were you this afternoon and for dinner, Mrs. Peckham?"

"I have just been trying to figure on what conceivable basis, other than general busybody, you are questioning me, Lieutenant. You have no official standing here, have you?"

Bill looked at her and slowly smiled. He knew how. "No."

Mrs. Peckham's sullen lips wavered. A grudging response appeared. It was almost impossible

for her to resist any purely masculine approach.

"Bother you," she pouted. "I went to dinner with my fiancé, Mr. Peter van den Wahl."

Bill raised his eyebrows.

She said, "Oh, don't pretend you never heard of him. He's from Pennsylvania. He brought me home the night Tom disappeared. He says he has been questioned by the police and several nosy old women. But the dear old soul sticks up for me in spite of everything."

"You didn't waste any time, did you?"

"A girl must live," Mrs. Peckham stretched and yawned like a fed tigress. The light gleamed on her rose robe. "And sleep."

Bill moved toward the door. "Mrs. Peckham, you don't really believe Bundy killed her grandfather, do you?"

She grinned sleepily, letting her eyes say a few things she didn't dare put in words. "Oh, I suppose not. But it is infuriating to lose all that money and see Bundy keep her."

Bill remarked quietly, "I have a suspicion you may see those bonds again."

She jumped forward. Caught his arm. "You're not just tormenting me? It isn't just a trick?"

"No. I'm not promising a thing. But I think it is possible. Even probable. But my brains work better with collaboration. Think it over. Good-night."

Bill motioned to Hod. They left her standing in the hall, wide-eyed, hopeful.

"Wheah now, boss?"

"Do you know a good place to rent a motor-cycle, Hod? An open-all-night garage?"

"Ah can borrow one from a friend."

"Good. Would he care if we had a two-way radio installed on it so you could talk to me in my own car?" Bill gestured toward his instrument.

"No, suh. He won't care."

"And we'll have to get into a radio shop somehow."

"Ah know smart fella lives ovah he shop."

It was after three when Bill got home. He drove his car and parked it on that part of the drive that was under his bedroom window. He tinkered with the radio until he made connections with Hod's low, soft voice.

A light was burning in the house. When he went in he found Mrs. Paige asleep in a chair by the fire in her white robe.

He kissed her smooth, fragrant cheek. "I'm sorry you stayed up, Aunt Olive."

"Are you all right, William? I couldn't go to sleep till I saw you got home safely."

"Yes. If you hear a noise in the night it may be me slipping out. Don't notice it."

"I'm sorry I ever dragged you into this, my dear. I won't be able to sleep without nightmares till it's over."

But Bill crawled into bed and fell into a black abyss from which he did not awaken till eight-thirty. He dressed quickly. Breakfast was in the air. He went out to his car, whispered "Hod?"

"Yasuh. Ev'rythin' quiet. Nobody did nothin'."

"Good. Go eat and get some sleep. I'll wait you later."

Bill slid out of his coupe just as a black police car with quivering radio antennae reached the kerb in front of the house. The young officer, Harvey, was at the wheel. Steve got out alone. He limped painfully across the grass toward Bill.

"I've been out cold for the last six hours, French," he whispered hoarsely. "I could be sensible about it when it was only Peckham and Sinclair. She's different. If I could only stop seeing her—floating—"

"But we haven't found her yet. As long as we haven't there's hope. Maybe Bundy's worth more alive than dead."

Steve gazed in agonised doubt. "Look. Don't talk like that unless you mean it. I can't take much more. French, you must do something—"

Bill said wearily, "I'll do what I can, Steve, but I'm sorry to say it won't be much. I've sort of pushed my luck lately. And I'm supposed to be down here to get well."

Steve searched his face glumly.



THERE IS NOTHING SMARTER this spring than eye-catching stripes to accent a severely tailored suit. RKO starlet Audrey Long peps up a black sailor with a broad band and bow of black and white striped taffeta, to match the Beau Brummel cravat.

Children's Colds

--go while they sleep!

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment. Here is a marvellous "thermal cream" way to clear stuffed-up nose; relieve sore throat; and break up croupy chest congestion.

Buckley's Wintrol Rub... newly introduced to this country—but long and well proved by mothers through many a blizzard cold Canadian winter.

Rub Buckley's Wintrol Rub over neck and chest and see how quickly its glowing, "thermal" action stops shivery aches and keeps little ones warm and comfortable through the night, while its wonderful 3-way action is driving out the croupy congestion.

Get Buckley's Wintrol Rub—now from any chemist.

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No Excuse for Cutting Corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frosal-Ice, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frosal-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frosal-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.



Soothe TIRED BURNING EYES!

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning will bring amazing relief. Ask your chemist.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



If you have ever been in the tropical latitude you'll understand why our troops are using so much "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. They have found that "Vaseline" Hair Tonic ends 'Dry Scalp' and keeps hair in a clean, healthy condition. Of course, when you find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic difficult to buy, you will appreciate why.

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
Ends Dry Scalp

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FOR THIS
LABEL
ON

UNDERWEAR

MORLEY
"KANTSHRINK"
Guaranteed Unshrinkable
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MORLEY

Bill said, "By the way, that lunchroom where you and Bundy ate yesterday sounds queer to me."

"You're right. It was queer. I'm on my way now to try to locate it. Now that I think back the place had a sort of scantily furnished, started-on-a-shoestring atmosphere about it. I've been wondering if the whole thing wasn't planted for Bundy and me."

Bill explained his theory of Bundy having been followed till she collapsed. Steve agreed tentatively.

"I'm on my way now to try to locate that joint. I've got Harvey out there in the car, driving me." He gestured toward the wheel. "In fact, I'm going to be with him most of the day searching for her. If you want to get hold of me call headquarters."

"All right. And try to recall who recommended the place to you. The tearoom. I don't think it was Mrs. Peckham."

Mrs. Paige called from a window. "Stevie, won't you have some breakfast?"

"No, thank you. I've eaten." He went back to the car. Bill strolled about after they had gone.

He was sick of the planes droning eternally overhead. Swooping significantly low over the bay. The bit of open water beyond the entrance to the bayou was lively with sailboats and fishing craft on the same revolting mission.

He had no appetite for breakfast. The two women were solicitous, full of questions. Bill wasn't very patient with them. His short answers soon reduced them to silence.

After breakfast he glanced at the "Times" headlines:

PECKHAM'S GRANDDAUGHTER
DISAPPEARS

All Citizens Near Bay Asked to Hunt for Body.

Bill said, "I'm going downtown for an hour or two, Aunt Olive. I'll be back for lunch."

At the police station he got permission to look over Steve's car. The officer in charge said:

"We've been over it for prints, but of course it wasn't any use. The kidnapper must have worn gloves. Steve claims gloved hands touched his while they were tying him up. But you're welcome to have a look. Afraid you'll find only Steve's and Miss Peckham's prints. She lunched with him the day she disappeared."

Please turn to page 29



Here's Suzie Bolyard's angle

she made it perfectly clear... "Hmmm—this gal looks comfortable—maybe she's just had a once-over with Johnson's... Look... I'm right... she's nodding, yes! Well, that's okay with me, any pal of Johnson's is a pal of mine!"



JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER
JOHNSON'S
BABY OIL

Products of Johnson & Johnson

BEST FOR BABY... BEST FOR YOU!
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



Tomorrow is a Lovely Day,

Short is today, endless is tomorrow... and while we must live within the limits of today... our minds look ahead to tomorrow with all its promise.

Tomorrow is a day that has always given the soothsayers trouble. But of this we are sure. Tomorrow, Australia's women are going to continue to want quality clothes. They have learnt that the best clothes really cost less and that when quantity was rationed quality saw them through.

Today, the output of Lucas productions is sadly restricted, so to our regular customers who ask for more than their quota, we unhappily say "Tomorrow". To new customers who ask for our quality lines we also, in duty to our regular customers, say "Tomorrow".

During the war we have not been marking time and every minute we can spare from our delivery dilemma we are planning for better things when tomorrow comes and when war-time austerity gives way to Victory glamour we're going to be ready for you... for all of you. For you who always had faith in quality. For you who have witnessed the dawn of a quality era. For you W.R.A.N.S., A.W.A.S., A.M.W.A.S. and W.A.A.F.S. when you come marching home... how quickly you'll want to shed the trappings of the services. There'll be a big time in many a home that night! Joy and festivity... and a new appreciation of the Australian Hearth-side—the Australian Home. How our girls in their new life will welcome the flattery, the beauty, the youthful designing of their post-war wardrobes!



Spectator sportswear

CREATED BY LUCAS

... Yours without reserve when Victory comes.





THE LITTLE MOTHER... Note the way little Annette, one of the Dionne quintuplets, cradles the baby in her arms. The babe, a visitor with his mother to the Dionne household, just gurgled with delight... a lovely picture.

Good news for mothers

"WILL every-thing be all right?" asked "young married" Jean Sayers. I had known her as a schoolgirl, and she looked on me as a sort of uncle.

"You couldn't be embarking on motherhood at a better time," I assured her. "I've just been reading a B.M.A. review of the recent developments in mother-care, and it gives me quite a thrill to see what wonderful progress has been made. Listen to these highlights:

"The nutrition of the expectant mother has become one of the most fruitful developments this century.

"Well-nourished mothers showed a marked reduction of threatened and actual miscarriages, premature births, stillbirths, and toxæmias of pregnancy. Their babies had fewer colds, less pneumonia and anaemia. Breast feeding was possible in a much larger proportion.

"The proper nourishment of the mother did not increase birth weight of the baby.

"Anaemia in expectant mothers can be prevented by the application of these new standards of nutrition. By that means anaemia in the baby can be prevented.

"Dental caries in the child can be much reduced by adequate nutrition of the mother before the child is born.

"Better nutrition of the mother improved her mental attitude and prevented many minor complaints."

"That sounds marvellous!" exclaimed Jean. "If it is as simple as all that, I'll certainly be well nourished. What should I eat?"

• Eating the right food before baby comes makes motherhood safer, also gives your baby a start in life.

By MEDICO

woman eats at ordinary times.

"Here's the daily list: 6oz. wholemeal bread, 1 egg, 4oz. meat (including liver once a week), 3oz. cheese, 2 pints milk, 5oz. lettuce or other leafy vegetable, 6oz. potatoes, 6oz. orange or tomato, 1oz. butter, 1oz. oatmeal, 4oz. pea-soup, 4oz. other vegetables twice weekly as required."

"That seems quite an interesting list of food. Is that all I can eat?" asked Jean.

"You'll find that the list will satisfy most appetites, but you can have other fruits and vegetables, especially carrots, and enough 'trimmings' of low nutritional value such as sugar, honey, and jam to give variety to the food. But if the 'trimmings' get too much, they will interfere with your appetite."

"But shouldn't I take some vitamin tablets as well?" queried Jean.

"If you eat every food on the list, you will get all the vitamins and minerals you could possibly require, and, what is more, you will get the unknown as well as the known vitamins, in a balanced form. Vitamins taken as tablets haven't worked out on actual trials."

"Well, I can face the future with confidence now," said Jean, and then, shyly, "I think I'll name the baby after you."

"You wouldn't be the first grateful mother to do that," I replied, "but thanks for the compliment all the same. We'll see this through as a partnership. I can take you through the unknown as I have taken many others. Thanks to modern knowledge, there's safety in motherhood."

N.B.—Medico has prepared a special leaflet, "What Kind of Food to Eat and What Not to Eat," for the mother-to-be. This leaflet will be forwarded you if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the Mothercraft Bureau of The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O. Sydney.

HYDRANGEAS...

For garden, porch, and room beauty

FEW shrubs reward you with so much beauty for so little care. But give hydrangeas close attention and they'll literally overwhelm you with glory.

Hydrangeas are not only beautiful but useful, because they mix well with almost anything in the garden and rarely cause a color clash.

Another of their virtues is longevity. Few other flowering shrubs flower so long and so brightly, and ask so little in return.

And as their colors vary from snow-white (Hills of Snow or Avalanche varieties) to palest pink, rose, bright red, and through the palest of blues to purple and bronze-violet in late flowering sorts, the gardener cannot have too many of them.

Plants set out now will become established and flower before the end of the year. They thrive best in a rich, moist soil, and flower freely in an open situation, but a southerly to south-eastern site is best, because they do not like our summer heat.

Blue hydrangeas are very popular, and sometimes a seeming miracle takes place when plants propagated from blue varieties produce pink flowers. This is due to a change in soil acidity. Blue flowers are produced in an acid soil—pink and red flowers in soils that are slightly alkaline.



If you can lay your hands on a few varieties of hydrangeas, don't hesitate a moment.

Hence growers of pot-plants often add iron filings to the soil or water with a solution of alum at the rate of a teaspoonful to one gallon of water, or with aluminium sulphate (3oz. to the gallon).

Outdoors a sandy soil and the addition of peat moss, leafmould, or any other acid-creating material will aid in keeping blue varieties the desired color. Lime must be added in small quantities, or marked yellowing (chlorosis), if not the death of the shrub itself, may take place.

Many varieties of hydrangea available under normal conditions cannot be bought to-day, but the ever-popular Asiatic variety, hortensis or macrophylla, can be found at almost every nursery in its various forms.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

Beauty Hints

By MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert

YOU can't pamper your skin too much just now. In addition to nightly application of cream, do this: Apply cream to face before your bath. Steam will open the pores and allow it to enter the skin.

IF it rains at the week-end, don't sit home and sulk. Put on a raincoat, an old hat, go out for a long, brisk walk. Such a cheap beautifier.

MAKE a resolution this summer to drink more water, eat more fruit and salads, cut down on pastries and sweets. Get away from the bread-butter-and-tea habit.

I RAN into a friend the other day and was amazed at the change in her figure! She had lost pounds and looked marvellous. Of course, I sought her secret. Simple. She exercised for ten minutes every morning, cut out pastries, cakes, suppers, drank fruit juice instead of tea!



FRESH FLOWERS or artificial flowers have simply gone to the heads of all smart girls. Note how the diadem of flowers softens and glamorises this formal hair-style.

NEVER rub powder on your face. Pat it on. Gently wipe off excess powder.

The evening that went wrong for Sally...



All week she'd looked forward to the dance. But when it came, how different from the evening she'd pictured! "B.O." cut her off from her hopes of happiness. You never know, yourself, about "B.O." It may shatter your dreams completely... unless you take the precaution of a daily Lifebuoy bath. Lifebuoy's the soap with the famous health element that guards personal freshness. And what mildness! Gentle enough for a baby's skin.



FROM HEAD TO TOE IT STOPS "B.O."

A LEVER PRODUCT

W. 99.26



You wouldn't think I had CATARRH!

No need to drag through the day half-suffocated by that clogged nose or toss through sleepless nights struggling for breath.

Get quick relief—by putting a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. In seconds, you'll be able to breathe more freely again as Va-tro-nol swiftly clears away clogging mucus, soothes irritation and shrinks swollen membranes. Begin today to enjoy the comfort Va-tro-nol brings.

Used in time... at the first warning sniffle or sneeze... Va-tro-nol prevents the development of many colds entirely.



The Australian Women's Weekly—September 30, 1944

JUNIPAH JINGLES No. 4

Down in the dumpish? Headachy? Grumpish? Pep up your system the JUNIPAH way. The salts that keep you healthy and chills at bay.



For INNER CLEANLINESS AND OUTER FRESHNESS take JUNIPAH MINERAL SPRING SALTS daily—Junipah's famous spa salts, plus the oil of juniper berries, ridges your system of harmful impurities—naturally and gently.

16 and 26

JUNIPAH MINERAL SPRING SALTS

HAR BUTT'S Plasticine

-the original and best modelling material

FOOD FOR ENERGY!



The dynamic energy of growing children is a source of wonder to all — energy that must be replaced constantly through the intake of essential foods. In Australia, foods are low in phosphate, but this can be remedied by the use of self-raising flour or baking powder containing "A & W" Phosphate. Unlike pre-war rising ingredients "A & W" Phosphate enriches the flour with the priceless health ingredient, phosphate.

That is why leading brands of self-raising flour and baking powder are made with "A & W" Phosphate and feature the "A & W" seal on packet or tin.

You can be sure of your family diet when next ordering supplies — by insisting on self-raising flour or baking powder with the "A & W" seal on the package.

Your cakes, scones and sponges will be of the lightest texture . . . moist and full of flavour, besides containing phosphate vital to health.

Energy is supplied to the muscles of our bodies by the bread, meat, milk, vegetables and the like which we eat — but this energy could not be utilised without a highly specialised mechanism.

Petrol would be useless unless there were cylinders, valves, carburettors, sparking-plugs and the various devices to ensure that the engine functions.

Similarly, the activity of our muscles demands a special engine which scientific research has shown to be a phosphate engine.

The many food products made from wheat flour should not only supply us with the starch and gluten which function as fuel, but also phosphate to build up the muscles' internal machinery. That is why use of a phosphate aerator commends itself to the physiologist.

Specialty written by Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.B., D.Sc., F.A.C.S.



A&W PHOSPHATE

Supersedes all other Aerators

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Saving a pretty penny



HERE are a dozen ways and more to get big value for your money . . . penny-saving recipes that can turn any meal into a star performance.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

EACH recipe here features mincemeat. Some serve old-fashioned hash in new guises, and challenge the interest of the most sophisticated epicures among the readers of this page.

Other recipes use raw minced meat, 2lb, for one coupon and less than a shilling a pound, no bone wastage, and food value that compares favorably with that of the choicest sirloin steak or middle loin chop.

Minced meat can be concocted into the most appetising dishes that anyone could wish for, dishes to satisfy the hungry and tempt the not-so-hungry.

Each recipe here can be varied in a dozen ways, with flavor vegetables, herbs, or sauces.

BARBECUED MEATBURGERS

Two pounds raw minced meat, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 small chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard.

Pound all the ingredients together except mustard and shape into 12 thin, round cakes. Spread six cakes with mustard and top with remaining six and press together. Grill over red-hot coals or under grill until well browned and cooked through. Serve at once.

On picnics serve between bread-rolls with tomato sauce. For dinner-able try with hot sauce made by combining chutney, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and vinegar.

HAWAIIAN MEAT PASTRIES

Twelve ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. minced meat, 1 small onion, 1 cup diced pineapple, pepper, salt.

Divide pastry into four and roll into thin rounds. Combine meat, chopped onion, and pineapple and season. Spoon on to pastries, moisten edges, fold over, and pinch edges together. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F.), and cook further 20 minutes.

Serve hot with white or brown sauce and hot greens, or cold with green salad.

AMERICAN BEEF BISCUIT

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, milk, 1lb. minced steak, 1 onion, 1 cup tomato puree, mixed mustard.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, and mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly into round dough,

press to tin thickness, place on greased oven-tray, mark deeply into wedges, brush with milk, and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Combine meat, chopped onion, and tomato puree and cook slowly, stirring well for about 10 minutes, adding a little liquid if necessary, and seasoning with pepper and salt. Place the hot cake on hot service-dish. Split and spread with mustard, pour meat over bottom half and place top of cake over meat. Serve hot and freshly made.

Follow this dish with a crisp salad and light, cold sweet.

BEEF FLORENTINE

Two cups cooked minced beef, 1 cup brown sauce, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 2 cups cooked and finely chopped spinach, 1 cup grated cheese.

Combine beef, sauce, and bread-crumbs and place in greased oven-tableware dish, top with spinach, and then generously with cheese, and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until top is delicately browned and contents piping hot.

Serve with oven-scalloped potatoes and follow with hot fruit tart cooked in oven at the same time.

MINTED LAMB HASH

One and a half cups minced cooked lamb, 1 cup diced cooked potato, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 cup boiled salad dressing, 1 dessertspoon dripping.

Heat dripping in pan, combine all other ingredients, add to hot fat and heat slowly, stirring. Serve very hot. Delicious with sautéed pears or pineapple slices when budget permits.

POTATO-THATCHED MEAT LOAF

Two pounds minced beef steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 cup water, Worcestershire or tomato sauce to flavor, 1lb. potatoes, 1 tablespoon flour. Combine all ingredients except

potatoes and flour. Pack into a greased oven-tray, mark deeply into wedges, brush with milk, and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 35 minutes. Turn out on to oven-tray, top with creamed potatoes bound with little flour, sprinkle with crumbs, and return to oven to brown. Slip on to hot dish.

Serve in slices with hot, freshly cooked garden greens, and follow with light fruit sweet.

SHIRRED HASH AND EGGS

Two cups cooked minced meat (preferably the moist meat from shank, neck, or breast of mutton), 1 cup white sauce, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 4 eggs, 2 table-

spoons bread-crumbs tossed in hot bacon fat, pepper and salt.

Combine meat, sauce and onion and place in oven-dish or casserole. Break eggs on top, sprinkle with crumbs, season, and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 minutes, or until eggs are lightly set.

Serve as breakfast or supper dish. When field mushrooms are cheap, add as flavoring to hash.

CREAMED CORNED BEEF

Two cups minced corned beef, 1 small onion, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped celery leaves.

Slice the onion to wafer thinness and chop celery very finely. Add to white sauce and cook very slowly for five minutes. Add minced, cooked corned beef. Serve very hot, topped with chopped celery leaves.

Try served with toast fingers spread with hot chutney.

CREAMED LAMB PIES

Ten ounces short pastry, 2 cups minced cooked lamb, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch nutmeg, pepper and salt, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Roll pastry and line patty-tins

with half pastry. Combine lamb, sauce, onion, parsley, and season to taste. Spoon into patties and cover with remaining pastry. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Sprinkle with cheese and return to oven for two or three minutes.

May be flavored with chopped kidney or mushrooms. Serve hot with hot greens and grilled tomatoes, or cold with salad.

AMERICAN CHOP SUEY

Half pound noodles or spaghetti, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1lb. minced steak, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper and salt.

Cook the noodles in fast-boiling, salted water. Slice the onion and fry in fat. Add meat and cook slowly until browned. Add the celery and then add the drained noodles, cheese, and Worcestershire sauce. Season to taste and serve piping hot.

Try with cabbage, cooked and served in small wedges, and with grilled tomato halves.

CURRIED FRUIT MINCE

Two small onions, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 2 apples (medium size), 1 banana, 1 cup sultanas, 1lb. minced steak, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Slice onions and brown lightly in heated fat. Add flour and brown well. Stir in stock and bring to simmering point. Add salt, curry powder, diced apples, sliced banana, sultanas, and meat. Cook gently, stirring frequently, for 20 minutes. Serve very hot, topped with parsley and garnished with sliced egg.

Serve with crisp fairy toast and freshly cooked greens.

MONDAY-NIGHT CASSEROLE

Two cups cooked or raw minced meat, 1 cup minced turnip, 1 cup thin brown gravy, 1 large onion, 1lb. potatoes, pepper and salt, 1 dessertspoon beef dripping, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint.

Combine meat, turnip, and gravy. Season and place in greased casserole. Parboil potato and slice thinly. Cover meat with thinly sliced onion, cover with sliced potato, season and dot with dripping. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 45 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped mint a few minutes before serving.

Serve with hot spiced coleslaw and follow with hot apple dumplings cooked in oven at same time as casserole.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED?

Spiced Chuck Steak, braised in a thin brown sauce, sharpened with vinegar and seasoned with allspice, clove, and sage.

Braised Flank Steak, marinated for 3 or 4 hours in vinegar, with spices and herbs, browned in hot fat and cooked in thin brown sauce for 2 hours, and served with browned onions and bread seasoning.

Round Steak, diced, flavored with sliced kidneys (3 to 1lb. steak) and onion, simmered in casserole for 1 hour, topped with shortcrust, browned and served piping hot.

Shank of Mutton, simmered slowly for 2 hours, and the meat shredded from it served in a brown sauce, flavored with tomato puree.

Yorkshire Hotpot of neck of mutton chops, chops in layers with sliced onion, potato, and chopped parsley, covered with milk and water, seasoned, and cooked gently 1½ hours.

Spanish Stew of breast of lamb, meat simmered gently in stock seasoned with vinegar and garlic. Add

small whole onions and skinned tomatoes, and serve with rice (when available).

Lamb's Hearts, stuffed with sage and onion seasoning, braised in thin brown sauce for 2 hours and served in slices, piping hot.

Head Cheese, made from simmering small hog's head (prepared and cleaned by butcher) for 3 hours in stock seasoned with herbs and clove-stuck onion; strip and chop meat, season to taste with spice, herbs, and vinegar, pack tightly into bowls, weight, and leave 2 days in cool place.

Corned Breast of Lamb, served with parsley-rich white sauce, hot shredded cabbage, and jacket potatoes.

Lamb's Fry, fried in slices and served sizzling hot with fried balls of bread seasoning flavored with bacon, and onions in a white sauce.

Tripe, served in a curried white sauce with hot spiced beetroot and fried diced potato and parsnip.

How to S-T-R-E-T-C-H your butter ration

—by Elizabeth Cooke

No. 20



Something
good to spread
on your Bread

This will give a breather to that steadily dwindling butter ration—a smooth golden cheese spread. It's so tasty you won't even think of butter in the same mouthful, and you can whisk it up in no time at all. For the youngsters' after-school snack it's a certain "more please" . . . as good for them as it's delicious.

Cheese Spread

4 oz. grated Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste.

Stir briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick.

When using clarified dripping in puddings, cakes, or pastry, add a little lemon juice to counteract the fatty flavour.

Pimples Go Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. The Nixoderm is soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blisters, Eczema, Ringworm and Scabies. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Good taste will approve their Style and Quality

A NILE handkerchief always reflects the good taste of its user—in design, colour and quality of texture. Laundering does not age a NILE, nor time destroy its style.



NILE

HANDKERCHIEFS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE ATHLETIC SINGLET'S AND UNDERPANTS
Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd.
134 Broadway, Sydney



Cerebos

TABLE SALT

REMEMBER IT! IT WILL BE BACK
WHEN PEACE COMES.

LUCKY DIPS



We've tips and hints for every taste. They're long on fashion, short on waste.

1 Even with the tenderest care our precious stockings don't last forever. When the legs are laddered beyond repair, cut them off and wear the feet of the stockings in your shoes. They protect your feet when you go stockingless.



2 Wouldn't a kid collar be smart for your woollen frock? Um-hum! It's easy, too! Just cut the gaudy bits off a pair of worn-out gloves and snip each down the front. Catch the two pieces together at the back of the neckline and make the fastening at the front with a small hook and a worked loop.



3 Fashion says—gay, glorious florals this Spring. So have your Persil ready! Because naturally you'll want to keep your coloured frocks bright despite frequent tubbings—and Persil washes thoroughly yet so very gently.



4 Buttons are not easy to match now and it's disappointing to lose one of a set. Next time you are stitching on a four-hole button try this: Sew through two of the holes and fasten off. Then sew through the other two and again fasten off. Now if the first lot of threads fall the second lot will save the button.

5 Before washing a cardigan always tack the button-holes so they won't stretch out of shape. And to keep the woollen looking good as new, be sure you wash it in Persil. Rubbing with soap may ruin both colour and the delicate fibres. But Persil protects as it cleanses.

P.365.2



FUN FOR A PARTY . . . plain cake, cut into tiny squares, some topped with marzipan to form little animal shapes, iced, and decorated as dominoes, little green frogs, and tiny white mice.



AUSTRALIAN HARDWOODS make the finest salad-bowls and platters in the world. Fifi Banvard, of the Bob Dyer show, knows this; her salads have a tantalising flavor of fresh bruised herbs.

Rhubarb recipes from readers

● Recipes incorporating vegetables and fruits in season are popular just now with readers.

HONEY and orange rind, cinnamon, and toasted nut chips are fine flavoring partners for any rhubarb dish.

The rhubarb cake is a delicious dinner sweet, served very hot or icy cold. Try it with ice-cream.

The rhubarb float should be served hot and freshly made; try with tiny hot honey scones.

Try grated lemon rind with the pancakes if candied peel is not available.

DELICIOUS RHUBARB CAKE

One and a half pounds rhubarb, 4oz. or more brown sugar, 2oz. butter or margarine, 2 eggs, 4oz. bread-crumbs, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2oz. cornflour.

Cook the rhubarb with the brown sugar and very little water until reduced to pulp. Rub through a sieve and add the melted butter or substitute. Beat in the egg-yolks, add the bread-crumbs and cinnamon, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Add the cornflour and pour into a greased and floured cake-tin. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

(375deg. F.). Turn out and dredge with castor sugar. May be eaten hot or cold.

First Prize of £1 to Miss H. Woodley, The Laurels, Darling Street, Dubbo, N.S.W.

RHUBARB FLOAT

One bunch rhubarb, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup milk.

Dice and cook rhubarb with water and sugar. Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with milk. Roll into balls and bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Split and butter while hot, and place in hot dish. Pour rhubarb over top, and serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Canfield, Vic.

RHUBARB PANCAKES

Four tablespoons flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, milk, about 1 bunch rhubarb, 1 tablespoon chopped candied orange or lemon peel, 1 cup sugar.

Cut the rhubarb into 3in. pieces, place in oven-dish, sprinkle with sugar, add a little water, cover and cook slowly until just soft. Make a smooth, thin batter with the sifted flour, castor sugar, beaten eggs, and milk. Stand one hour and then cook in water-thin pancakes. Place pan-

cake on hot plate, cover with rhubarb, place another pancake on top, and so on until all pancakes used. Cut into quarters, downwards.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

HONEY BREAD

Quarter pound butter or substitute, 1lb. brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1lb. flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 4 tablespoons warmed honey, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter and sugar and beat in the eggs. Add the honey and milk, and the sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, adding a little more milk if necessary to mix to a smooth, light mixture. Turn into a baking-tin lined with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven about 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold as dinner sweet or tea bread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Strong, 504 Glenhumbly Rd., St. Canfield, Vic.

HINTS ON BATHING BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB

THE skin is not only a beautiful covering for baby's body, but is an important organ, sharing with the lungs, bowels, and kidneys in the work of elimination, i.e., getting rid of the poisonous waste products of the body.

It has to be cleansed and massaged daily to keep it in a healthy state.

To the young and inexperienced mother coming home from hospital with her first babe, or having to attend to it herself when her nurse has left, the biggest ordeal at first in the daily routine of the little newcomer is its bath-time.

You need to get everything ready first, remembering that baby's little body soon gets chilled. In fact you must be business-like. You must not dawdle over it, yet handle baby very carefully and gently.

A leaflet giving a few helpful hints about bath-time, and also describing a few medicated baths that



LIKE ALL BABES, this happy little chap enjoys drinking his bath-water! By the way, he enjoys his cool sponge following the bath.

are useful in certain skin conditions, will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



Skin Deep

ALL-PURPOSE SKIN CREAM

This Advertisement will catch the eager eye of thousands of women who have learned to love the caressing touch of this irreplaceable beauty care, with its soothing magic for dry and tired skin.

★ The makers announce with great regret, however, that rather than allow the unique quality of Skin Deep, manufacture has been temporarily discontinued under war conditions.



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Don't be a "Nero"! Check your cough or cold right away with a few doses of Y-COUGH. Y-COUGH is made to a time-proven formula. It is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Y-COUGH loosens up congestion, soothes away inflammation and banishes coughs and colds in the shortest possible time.

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Enjoy that foot-tlinging rhyt m—these popular melodies. The latest Jaxx and Screen Hits.

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WANTED! 100 used Guitars and Banjo-Mandolins

Get up to £10 cash for your old instrument. Any condition—anywhere. We also give up to £40 for Piano Accordions and Saxophones. Write for free valuation to the above address.

Rid Kidneys Of
Poisons And Acids

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if you show blood in your urine, if you have frequent urination, if you have backache, aching joints and limbs, flatulency, nervousness, sleepless nights, dizziness, vertigo, tinnitus, double vision, loss of energy and appetite and frequent headaches and colds, etc. Ordinary medicine can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to scour, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly, and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles:

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, prevents further ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organ, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by One-time Sufferers
Cystex is approved by one-time sufferers in 73 countries from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back ached to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back
Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Nine in 2 sizes—4/-, 11/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

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**PROTECTS.
PRESERVES.
BEAUTIFIES.**



One Australian in nineteen dies from Tuberculosis! Help fight this national menace! Support the Anti-T.B. Appeal for £50,000. Help towards the building of an up-to-date Clinic and provision of Mobile Service in Country Districts. Send all donations to the Honorary Treasurer, Anti-T.B. Appeal, 33 Macquarie Place, Sydney.

The Anti-T.B. £50,000 Appeal

SLOWLY and

carefully, Bill studied the white-dusted finger-marks on the car. The officer kindly pointed out which were Steve's and which Bundy's. If the lieutenant found any others the chief would be gratified. But he smiled rather smugly when Bill finally had to admit he, too, had found no other prints for all his pains.

He went back to Coffee Pot Drive looking very worried and sick. All through lunch Mrs. Paige tried to persuade him to have the doctor. Bill was still adamant as they left the table. "All I need is sleep, Aunt Olive. Don't wake me unless it's absolutely vital. No. For the tenth time I do not need a doctor. Just rest."

He shut the door, darkened the room, and went quietly to sleep. It was a useful habit in his business. He came out to dinner at seven with keen, bright eyes and a good appetite.

Mrs. Paige said, "They've called you a hundred times, William. But I didn't feel it was important enough to wake you. I said you were too sick to talk. I hope nobody sees you. You look in the pink."

Bill didn't contradict her. How he felt was his own private business. He had taken a dangerous risk, relying on his own diagnosis of the case.

"Who called?"
"The police. And Steve. He seemed quite angry that you'd gone to bed. As if you'd become sick on purpose. I was a little short with him. And that Peckham woman called. Simply demanded to speak to you. Said she had some important news. But she wouldn't tell me so I could pass it on. So she didn't get anywhere either." Mrs. Paige smiled cattily.

"By the way, where is Mrs. Gilling?"
"Oh, she's spending the night with a friend of hers."

"Who?"
"You astonish me, William. You always want to know such extricatingly petty things. The lady's name is Mrs. James Hogarth, and she lives in some apartment house on Fourth Avenue."

Bill said, "Am I breaking up your happy home by my late hours, Aunt Olive? Is it because I bother Mrs. Gilling that she is away so much?"

"Of course not. Don't be ridiculous. Abby is awfully fond of you. She said this morning how much she enjoyed having you here."

Bill eyed her keenly. Why the reservation in her voice? "Yes?"

"Yes. I know it has nothing to do with you at all. But it is a little unusual for her to gad like this."

The telephone rang. It was Corinne Peckham.

"That threat of yours about co-operation sank in, Lieutenant French. And I have something that is something to report. I searched Bundy's room with a microscope, practically. And I found something tucked into the padding of her chintz chair."

Bill's mind cringed from the blow it was about to receive.

"I found Tom's ring. It has a three-carat diamond in it. He never took it off. In fact, it was almost impossible to get off. And I know he was wearing it the last time I saw him."

Bill thought. How do I know she didn't remove it from his body herself and plant it in Bundy's room? Looks suspicious, waiting till Bundy is gone and can't defend herself to find it.

"Hello, hello. You still there, Lieutenant?"

"Yes. I was thinking. Why didn't you mention this ring before, Mrs. Peckham? When you were asked to identify the body, for instance?"

"I don't know. I suppose I was

just so overcome. He looked so—so ghastly. Maybe that was why I was so unsure it was Tom. Maybe subconsciously I realised something was missing."

He told himself, don't believe her. She's making it all up as she goes along. It couldn't be true.

"What have you done with the ring, Mrs. Peckham?"

"Nothing. I thought you might like to advise me."

"I'll be right over."

Mrs. Peckham turned the ring over to him without any protest. He wrote out a receipt for it and was shown the hole under the seat of the pink chintz chair where she had found it. Against his will he had to admit he believed her this time. He had met many accomplished liars in his time, and she might be the champion, but if so, she fooled him.

It was a very valuable ring. The great diamond in it winked and flashed with cold, hard fire as he held it in his palm. He had to believe Bundy had hidden this ring. He recalled her panic at seeing the fountain pen. For a terrible hour his faith in her was staggered. How could she be innocent?

He worried about it all the evening. The telephone rang incessantly. No trace of Bundy had been found. Many of the calls were from friends of Mrs. Paige, eager to discuss the more esoteric points of the affair Peckham.

Steve called after eleven. He was almost insane with grief and worry. He had not been able to find the restaurant in which he and Bundy had lunched. They found a number of empty stores in which the stage could have been set temporarily. But in each case the neighbors swore no such deception had been practiced. Someone would have noticed it.

The police had begged Bill to use any influence he might have to get Steve to go to sleep. He was worse than useless. A nuisance. Nothing they did was enough. Just getting rid of him for a few hours would be a help.

Bill did his best. To his amazement Steve was suddenly sensible. He admitted he was not helping. He even promised to go to bed and stay there, if he could, if Bill in turn would promise to call him if anything turned up. Steve didn't trust the police to wake him. They'd say anything to get rid of him.

Bill sat down by the fire after hanging up. It was a cold, windy night. Where was Bundy?

Mrs. Paige said timidly, "William, now that you're feeling better, isn't there something we can do to find that poor girl?"

"I'm doing my best."

She watched him in perplexity. Was sitting by the fire helping? He seemed so cross. Worried. Her heart sank.

He looked up, smiled crookedly. "I can't explain now, Aunt Olive. But I really am doing something. Tell you later."

B

Y the glow of a shrouded flashlight Bill sat in his bedroom, memorizing the map of the town. It was numbered in a smart, simple way. By the time three o'clock struck softly in the hall he was quite familiar with the city on paper.

Shortly after three the call of a quail came through the window. Bill slid out and was in his car in a matter of seconds. He was wearing his pet gun. There was another on the seat beside him, and a flashlight.

He started the motor as quietly as he could and backed into Coffee Pot Drive. Then he spoke to his car radio: "Hod?"

"Yes, suh. Ev'rythin' goin' swell. Ah'm on Fo'th Avenue now, passin' Secom' Street, south. Othah cah jess fa' 'nuff ahead so it won't speck nothing!" Hod's excited but muted voice came in clearly over Bill's car radio. It was going to work well, he smiled, shifting.

"Okay, Hod. You're doing fine. Keep it up."

Bill let out his car while he could. It flew through the tree-tunnelled dark streets like a bat. Its motor and the motor of Hod's bike had been tuned to be as silent as possible. The colored boy called directions from time to time.

"Bettah use pa'kin' lights if you kin. Oh kin see okay 'thout usin' no lights, goin' slow," he said presently.

Bill switched on his parking lights. He could see a red light up ahead.

Murder In Tow

Continued from page 23

Several. Too many, in fact. It began to worry him. "Is there more than one car ahead of you, Hod?"

"Yas, suh. 'At funny, ain't it? We got company, seems lak."

"Maybe it's just accidental."

"Uh-huh. Mebbe not. 'At cah's made evvy tuh'n same's the one Ah'm chasin'." Sho do look funny to me, suh. Oh-oh. Heah we goes, tuh'nin' sauth agin on Thutty-fist Street."

Bill slowed as he made the same turn a few moments later. He recalled that this was the street that turned into Maximo Road. It extended clear through the wild, unsettled part of the peninsula. There was no other road down to the point in the west section.

A grim, pleased expression came over his face in the dark. He remembered the trip he'd made through this area one Sunday afternoon. Remembered the many abandoned real-estate projects and closed, boarded-up mansions.

In the past twenty-four hours he had become more convinced that Bundy was being held a prisoner somewhere. And he was pretty sure he knew why. That was the reason for his being able to go to sleep that afternoon.

He could not mention his suspicions to the police. He had no proof. And even if he succeeded in convincing them he was right, he couldn't be sure they wouldn't lock up the person he suspected.

Messages continued to come from Hod. The cars were continuing straight down Thirty-first Street. There was no doubt now that the intervening car was chasing the first one too. Bill wondered if it could be the police.

Presently the cars passed into a region where there were no more cross streets. Bill sped ahead, directing Hod to ditch his motor cycle and swing into the coupe as it reached him.

Please turn to page 31

Soothes rough
Chapped Skin

The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

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PRINCESS DYES

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FAST IN THE TROPICS

FAST EVERYWHERE

Blanket Washing Time!

AVOID THAT "FELTY"
MATTED LOOK BY LAUNDERING
THEM IN PERSIL

Blankets are precious . . . take good care of them. Wash blankets in Persil before you put them away. There's a very special reason why you should do this all-important job with Persil. You see, the warmth of a blanket depends largely on the amount of nap. When a blanket shrinks and "felts" in washing—loses its fluffy nap—it won't keep you as warm. So wash your blankets the Persil way. Persil, the amazing oxygen-washer, won't shrink or matt or "felt" them because it's gentleness itself to delicate fibres. And clean, Persil-washed blankets are much safer from moths and silverfish.

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS

FIRST mix up plenty of very rich Persil suds. (Blankets are bulky things, so you may need a little more Persil than with other woollens.) Use about 8 gallons of water for a double blanket—5 for a single—and let it become thoroughly saturated before you start washing.

NEXT knead the blanket, turning it over and over in the suds. When clean, rinse thoroughly in water of the same temperature. Do this several times, putting it through the wringer between each rinse and TWICE after the last one. (See that the pressure is slackened off.)

THEN shake it well to bring up the springy fibres. Hang over a line in the shade, with coloured end stripes pointing to the ground so there's no chance of the dye spreading. When dry, shake blanket vigorously and brush up the nap with a clean soft brush.

P.271.1



Persil

KEEPS BLANKETS
NEW-LOOKING LONGER



What's the dope
on **GUARDIAN SOAP**?



It makes you "clean forget"
the stains of toil

Here's the way to get that spruce, well-scrubbed look and feel: grab a chunky cake of Guardian Soap, roll up your sleeves and slather on the fresh, clean-smelling lather! You'll be delighted! Grime and stale stickiness do a bunk! Give your whole family this super-duper soap.



Unightly PIMPLES CLEARED Away



Being very fond of John, I was anxious to impress him. I tried desperately to clear them away, but nothing did the slightest good, until...



Three months ago, my face was a mass of pimples. I was self-conscious and utterly wretched. One day I tried Rexona Ointment. Hardly daring to hope, I watched for results. A few days later mother said: "Jean, your pimples are going."

Imagine my delight. Soon there wasn't a pimple left. What's more, I've kept free of them ever since just by using Rexona.

THE RAPID HEALER
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Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

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TANGEE Lipsticks
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As soon as restrictions are lifted stocks will be available.
Sole Agents: R. G. Turnley & Son.

EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES



Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals.

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SOAP, OINTMENT, TALCUM

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Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, a new, improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates, keeps false teeth firm and comfortable. Cannot slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, gooey taste. Keeps breath sweet. Get **FASTEETH** to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

Hod held the right door open. In a few seconds Hod jumped aboard, breathless from exertion and excitement. The whites of his eyes were enormous. His teeth gleamed. Bill turned off the parking lights. Slowed down. Gave the cars ahead plenty of distance.

"Could that car ahead be the police, Hod?"

"Uh-huh. It's jus' one puss-on, an' Ah ain' suah it ain' a lady."

"What makes you think that?"

Hod shrugged. He didn't know for sure. But a couple of times he'd caught a glimpse of the driver's head. Didn't look like a man to Hod. Too much hair.

Bill kept his attention fixed on the two pairs of red lights ahead. Suddenly the first pair vanished. In a moment the second pair was gone. Bill swore. He shut off his motor, turned off the instrument-panel lights, coasted a few feet. He didn't know whether the cars had turned a corner or parked. But he heard no motor in the silence.

"Any ideas, Hod?"

"At fustt cah turn right. Ah seen his lights fo' minute. Second cah din' have no front lights on."

Bill was vexed. If that first car had turned down a lane he should be after it. But the second car complicated matters. He didn't want to crash into it in the dark where was it?

Presently Hod oozed out of the car. He moved like a cat on his big, sneaker-shod feet. He melted into the dark.

In a very short time he came back, panting with excitement. "It's okay, boss. Dey's a big house up to de right. Thre'-foah houses, all shet up. Cah's in de ya'd of one of 'em. Othah cah's up ahead of us, parked. Ain't nobody in it."

"Good." Bill slid out. "Here's a gun. Can you shoot?"

"Yas, suh. Umph! 'At's a honey."

"You go first and we'll scout round a little. I don't like to use the flashlight."

"No, suh. You doan' need it. You can see mighty good soon's you gits used to it. Flo'da stahs sho is bright."

Bill followed the dark shadow, well pleased with his choice of a companion. He knew Hod was loyal, but he hadn't expected he'd be so resourceful and capable.

They walked quietly through the weeds that encroached on both sides of the narrow tarvia road. At last they reached two high brick gateposts from which drooped rusted iron sign-holders.

Bill whispered, "Let's stick close together so we won't get our signals crossed."

His eyes were getting used to the dark now. He saw in the starlight four widely spaced large houses without lights. They were built along a horseshoe drive that swung in from the highway and out again.

The drive was almost submerged in spur grass. The house grounds were a tangle of silver rod, burrs, and weeds. And probably snakes, Bill thought regretfully.

But he didn't hesitate. He and Hod moved stealthily round the house in whose yard the car was parked. They saw no lights, heard nothing.

Suddenly Hod moved close, touched his arm. "Look. Quick. Second house."

Bill spun round. For a couple of seconds they saw a thin gold streak in the black bulk. Then it was dark. No doubt the car had been parked in the wrong yard to mislead possible pursuers or passers-by.

Swiftly Bill and Hod plunged through the shoulder-high weeds to the second house. They crept round to the rear. The kitchen door was sheltered by a tiny porch.

With the noiseless grace of a black panther Hod cleared the steps and landed on the porch. He tried the back door. To their amazement it was unlocked. The fugitive must be completely unaware he was being followed. Together they moved into the darkness beyond.

They closed the outer door and, shoulders touching, stood together, listening to their own breathing. From far away came a little cry. Then voices. Too distant to be definitely understood, but certainly a man's and a woman's.

Bill pulled Hod's ear close. "I can't see a thing, can you?"

Hod whispered back, "Ah got cat eyes, a'most. Ah kin feel mah way in de dahk. You kin hang on to me. Ain' no furniture in de house, seems lak."

Murder In Tow

Continued from page 29

Bill took hold of Hod's coat and nudged him to try it. They moved with slow care along the wall of what must have been the kitchen. Then out into a hall, dank and mouldy in odor. Hod stopped just outside the door.

Overhead, somewhere on the second floor, people were talking without any fear of being overheard. Their voices all but covered the creeping of stealthy feet up the staircase, beside which Bill and Hod were standing.

They heard the feet sneak higher, higher, creak across a landing, and go up a second short flight. Bill gave Hod a little nudge. They, too, started up the stairs. They kept close to the railing. The boards should be less likely to creak there.

After what seemed a thousand cautious steps they stopped on the landing. They could now hear someone tiptoeing along the upper hall, ahead of them. The occupant of that second car, no doubt!

Bill and Hod climbed the remaining steps until they could peer down the hall. Ahead stretched an empty bare passage. A door was open at the end. Inside the room a candle waved in a pool of its own wax on the wide window-sill.

The light flickered on Bundy sitting on the floor. Her face was tired, streaked with dirt, aged with horror. Her brilliant eyes, propped wide by terror, stared at someone in front of her, hidden from sight by the door.

A tangle of rope lay about her on the floor. A white handkerchief that might have been a rag was loose about her throat. She kept rubbing her chafed mouth, her wrists, her ankles.

Outside in the hall a dark figure waited. A big, strong woman in a dark suit with a felt hat pulled over her eyes. The candlelight gleamed now and then on a gun in her right hand.

Bill stared, transfixed, his mind racing.

The man hidden by the door was speaking urgently.

"Of course, you can walk now, Bundy. You can't take all night. We'll have to move fast to get away. I'm not going to have you tortured any more."

"No." Just one hard word like a flung rock.

"I've arranged everything. The car's waiting. The boat is ready in a safe place. Come on, darling. Can you stand?"

"No."

"Try it. You don't understand, Bundy. We've got to go now as fast as we can make it."

"I'm not going."

THERE was silence, then the man's voice went on pleading: "Bundy, the money doesn't matter so much to you, does it? I'll make more, and we'll be together. Hurry. Stand up. The police are all ready to make an arrest. You don't want us to have to go through all that, do you?"

"Us?"

"Anything you suffer hurts me a thousand times worse."

A terrible sound came from Bundy's lips. As if something had cracked in her throat. "Oh, Steve," she sobbed. "How can you?"

"Come on, honey, please get going."

"Take your hands off me."

"What do you mean? You don't realise what you're saying."

"Oh, leave me alone, for heaven's sake!" she shrieked. "If you don't want me to be tormented why do you do it?"

"I'm only trying to help you. I want to take you away with me and take care of you forever. Bundy, you don't realise how I love you. You don't realise the dangers I've run, the agony I've gone through, for you. The police are bound to find where you are. I can't leave you here. Be sensible, please."

"Go away and leave me alone. I don't care what happens. I don't care who finds me. I don't care if I die. I hope I do. I mean it." The words rang with sickening earnestness. They were not hysterical exaggeration.

"But I can't leave you here to die. They might not find you in time. Starvation's a terrible, painful death."

She said hotly: "It's no worse than strangulation."

"Of course it is. That's really humane. One quick yank, and it's practically all over."

"Don't. Don't. Don't."

"What's the matter with you, Bundy? You're so changed. I thought you loved me as much as I loved you. If you'd stopped caring, Bundy, that would end everything. I'd just finish us both off right here and now. They'd never find our bodies. I'd rather die than lose you."

There was a violent sort of stillness in the old deserted house. For a matter of minutes nobody spoke. Then Bundy whispered: "Steve! Steve! Don't look at me like that. Don't. Please."

"Look me in the face, Bundy." A pause. "Bundy! So. You can't do it."

"Steve, please. I can't help it. I can't look at you when you stare at me that way. You frighten me."

He said quietly, "So you've cooled off, eh?"

"I couldn't help it," she repeated. "I did—I mean I was crazy about you. I was determined to marry you. I wouldn't listen to anyone. But now—now—"

"Who is it?" He took a step nearer. "Who got you away from me?"

"Nobody. It isn't that."

"You don't need to tell me. I know. That poor sap French. Do you know where he is? Back there on Coffee Pot Drive snoring his head off. The dumb fool. He doesn't even know you're alive. And you won't be long."

"Oh, Steve. You couldn't. It's not true, what you've just said. I don't love anyone. But I can't force myself to go on caring for you after—after—"

"After you've met him? Well, Bundy, I never in my wildest dreams thought it would ever end this way, but—"

"No, Steve. No—no—"

The woman behind the door flung it open just as Bill and Hod raced along the wall to take her place outside the door.

To be concluded

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